

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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#### Abuse of the Treaty-Making Power.

THERE was a single feeling in the House of Representatives that secured the appropriation for the Alaska treaty, and that was, an indisposition to annoy the Czar. It was not that the Representatives of the people approved the treaty, but because Russia had retired from the territory and our people had gone in, and because a change back would place both countries in a very absurd and embarrassing position. Mr. Seward was dubious about his speculation from the outset, and felt it could not be carried through on its merits, and hence his hot and improper haste in getting possession of the territory before the essential conditions of its purchase were complied with. He reasoned well, that if the honor of the nation became involved in consummating his scheme, it would succeed, even if it did not meet the approval of the people.

There is a principle involved in this matter which is apparently surrendered by the action of the House, taken under such peculiar and exceptional circumstances. It is, whether the

treaty-making power has the right of changing the national organism, as it certainly can do if it be competent to acquire territory, contiguous or otherwise, by the Alaska process. If it be competent for the Secretary of State and the Russian Minister, with the consent of the Senate, to incorporate the northwestern portion of the continent with the Union, it is equally competent for the Secretary of State, the Brazilian and Abyssinian Ministers, respectively, and the Senate, to do the same as regards Brazil, and so on, until the American Union, in its plan, organization and purposes, is wholly altered and lost. Treaty-making, as understood by the founders of our Government, only meant the adjustment of international relations, commercial chiefly, or such as were not fixed by general international law. Had the framers of the Constitution anticipated for a moment such abuses of that power as have sprung up, we may be sure they would have limited it in express terms.

Furthermore, if the Secretary of State and the Senate can bind the nation to pay seven millions, they can bind it to pay seventy times

seven millions, and utterly embarrass and bankrupt the country.

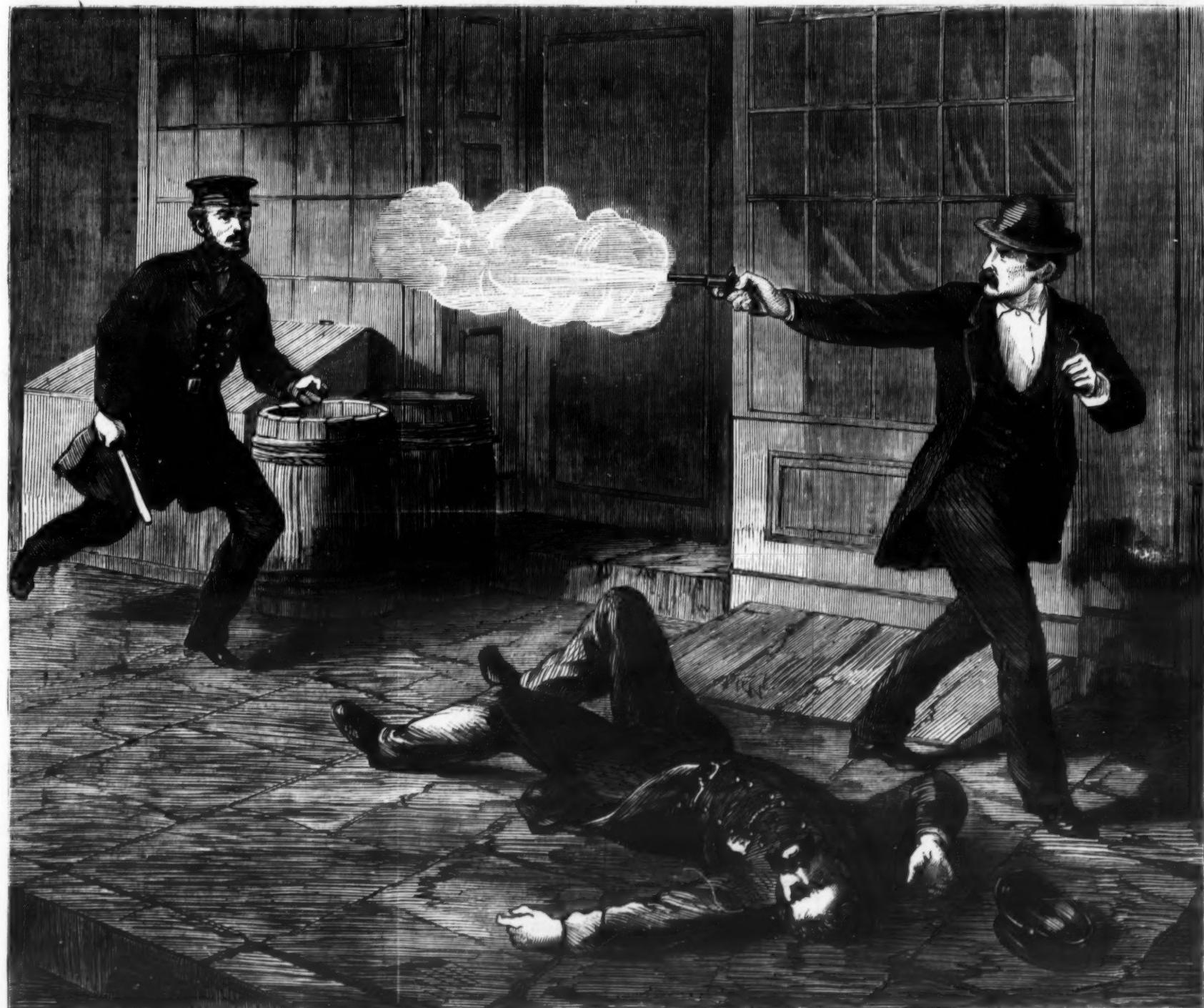
That we may acquire territory in some way or another, from interest or necessity, is undoubtedly, but such acquisition should never be made except in accordance with an emphatic manifestation of public will, under a clear public advantage, and by some sovereign act. There was no such manifestation in this Alaska affair, and the advantages to be derived from it are sufficiently doubtful, while the precedent is bad, if not dangerous.

The very reluctant consent of the House to make the Alaska appropriation will, we hope, have the effect of warning the Senate against lending its sanction to any more of Mr. Seward's real estate operations. And when we again depart from our proper domestic business to go into schemes of territorial aggrandizement, let us undertake something worth our effort and money, and which will compensate us for violating the policy of our fathers. The acquisition of Cuba, for instance, would relieve us from many commercial and other annoyances, and from an unpleasant neighbor,

besides securing our maritime preponderance in the Gulf, and affording a boundless field to productive enterprise and industry. On this point there is no division of opinion in the country, and the statesman who shall give effect to the popular wish, peaceably and in proper form, will gain a substantial reputation, quite different from the poor notoriety of having his name mixed up with such petty and paltry operations as the purchase of Alaska and St. Thomas—the one the home of the iceberg, and the second the careering ground of the hurricane, the breeder of earthquakes, and the very nest of the pestilence.

#### The Rights of the Representatives.

In making the appropriation for Alaska, the House of Representatives very justly prefaced the act with a preamble, declaring that in concluding treaties requiring appropriations, the President and Senate should first obtain the consent of the House, or make the treaty subject to approval by the House. Neither branch of Congress can constitutionally appropriate



THE MURDER OF OFFICER JOHN SMEDEC, BY JOHN REAL, ON FIRST AVENUE, NEAR THIRTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 28D. - SEE PAGE 323.

a dollar without the consent of the other, for it is within the power of "Congress" as a whole, and not of one branch of it, to dispose of the nation's money. The Senate is only a fragment of Congress, and it is a contradiction in terms, as well as an outrage on our whole system of Government, for it to assume to dispose of the money of the country on its own responsibility. The British Queen and Ministry must submit to the approval of the Commons every treaty involving appropriations of money, or which may in any way affect the revenue. The treaty regulating trade between France and England, the Cobden-Chevalier treaty, was made "subject to the approbation and consent of Her Majesty's Commons."

The Senate has passed the House Appropriation Bill (regarding Alaska), but has rejected the preamble. If this action requires the bill to go back to the House, we hope the House will firmly insist on its preamble, irrespective of Alaska or the feelings of the Czar. The principle is worth more than the purchase.

When the nation acquires territory, it should be in virtue of some great public necessity, and not to gratify a Secretary's itching for notoriety.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The Restored Union.

THE President, in returning the "Electoral College Resolutions" to Congress with his "objections," reiterates in its nakedest form his theory of the condition in which the rebel States were left at the close of the war, as follows:

"It follows necessarily that when the Rebellion terminated, the several States which had attempted to secede continued to be States in the Union, and all that was required to enable them to resume their relations to the Union was that they should adopt the measures necessary to their practical restoration as States."

Now, who was to determine what "the measures necessary to the practical restoration" of these States were to be? The President, with unexampled assumption and presumption, himself undertook to define them, ignoring entirely the authority, and without asking the advice, of the Legislature. Among his "practical measures" were the formal abolition of slavery by the rebel States, repudiation of their war debt, and some other conditions, which, if they had been comprehensive enough, would probably have been acquiesced in by the people, after having received legislative sanction. But they were not thought to be comprehensive enough, or calculated to give an assurance of permanent peace to the country, and the direct representatives of the people took the whole matter into their own hands, as they had the right and as it was their duty to do. They passed over as invalid all that the President had done, while readopting in regular and lawful form some of the "measures" he had regarded as necessary to the rehabilitation of the States.

Strange as it may seem, the President denies to Congress the right and ability to do some of the very things he assumed to do on his own motion, and raves of legislative assumption and violations of the Constitution, when the acts of Congress differ only in degree and form, and not in essence, from his own! Professing to be a Democrat to the degree of being a "plebeian," he yet arrogates to himself a power which he says is beyond that of the people in their embodied capacity!

Happily the contest is at an end. Seven out of ten of the rebel States are restored to the Union, and are represented in Congress. Virginia, Mississippi and Texas refuse to be "reconstructed," and prefer remaining "out in the cold," where, as by the late law their votes are of no account, we can afford to let them remain. As a result of the war, two new articles have been added to the Constitution, the first abolishing slavery, and the second (numbered 14, and which we print elsewhere) fixing the basis of representation on the ratio of the voting population, while guaranteeing equal rights to all citizens without regard to race. This is an enormous stride for a period of eight years, and we have no doubt that hereafter it will be considered that results so grand were cheaply obtained, albeit they cost the nation three billions of treasure and half a million of lives.

More Shocking Ignorance.

The daily Press of this city stumble upon strange blunders. Some may be the result of carelessness, a momentary relaxation of the sleepless vigilance necessary to conduct so vast a machine as a daily newspaper, but others can arise only from simple ignorance. Thus, for example, we are told that one result of the visit of Mr. Anthony Trollope as agent for the

British Post Office, has been the establishment of a tri-weekly mail to Europe. Considering that for six months past there have been three, and sometimes four mails a week to England and the Continent, this is a very wonderful discovery, and reflects great credit on A. T.'s diplomatic powers. If we had been told that the British Post Office authorities had determined to drop all favoritism, to resort to no more subterfuges in order to pay more money to the Cunard line than to any others, and give the carrying of the mails to the lowest bidder, the visit of their agent might have been considered a success; but if he has only done what the daily Press credit him with, he had better have staid at home. Probably he has done, in fact, a good deal more.

But it is when the newspapers meddle with finance that the contrast between the solemn and portentous tone and the evidently hopeless muddle in the writer's mind produces, from its very absurdity, almost the effect of wit. Like Mr. Weller's *alibi*, which was a certain defense against any kind of action at law, so "funding" seems to be the universal solvent of all our financial troubles. There is only one phrase more absurd, and that is, "consolidating," which is used in one paper apparently under the idea that, as "consolidation" implies increased strength, so, if our national debt can be consolidated, our credit will be strengthened. It would be just as absurd to call our Government Securities "Rentes," as to call them "Consols" or "Funds." We may rely upon it that altering their name will not change their nature. If we must go abroad to find a name for our indebtedness, perhaps we shall import that of "Assignats" for our greenbacks, which would be just as appropriate as that of "Consols" for our United States Securities, though of less pleasant suggestiveness.

Meanwhile we should like to know what "funding" the five-twenties or ten-forties means, and by what possible confusion of ideas the confiscation of part of the stipulated interest can be so termed?

Additions to the Constitution.

The following sections, having secured the approval of three-fourths of the States, are now and henceforth part of the Constitution of the United States. They constitute Article Fourteen of that instrument:

"ARTICLE XIV., SECTION 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

"SEC. 2. Representatives shall be appointed among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; but when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State (being 21 years of age and citizens of the United States,) or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens 21 years of age in said State.

"SEC. 3. No person shall be a Senator, or Representative in Congress, or Elector, or President, or Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof, but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

"SEC. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned, but neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave. But all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.

"SEC. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of the article."

Rogue Riderhood.

WHEN this amiable individual was picked up drowned in the Thames, and gradually brought to life again, it was curious to watch how each bad purpose, each evil thought, came back as his faculties slowly returned. He is speaking to the men who had labored for hours to resuscitate his vile carcass.

"Where's my fur cap?" he asks, in a surly voice, when he had shuffled his clothes on.

"In the river," somebody rejoins.

"And wasn't there no honest man to pick it up? Of course there was though, and to cut off with it afterward. You are a rare lot, all on you."

Riderhood, however, is not the first who has resented benefits as if they were insults, or in whom vituperation takes the place of gratitude, or who, in short, kick down the ladder by which they have climbed. Neither, unfortunately for the world, will he be the last.

This nation was in dire distress. The waves of calamity came thick upon her. She cried out lustily for help, and most of all, for the help that money alone could give. She promised to pay liberally, nay, profusely,

for assistance, and the wealth of the world was stretched out to her. She was saved, the times of dire distress passed away, and now from the halls of Congress, from the seat which probably would not now have existed but for the trust accorded to the promises of the nation, the leader of the party which represented the people throughout their struggle coolly repudiates our plighted faith. Mr. Thad Stevens calls the creditors of the nation, "bloated speculators." He denies the terms of the promises to pay. He and his have been saved, and, like Rogue Riderhood, he has nothing now to give but personal abuse.

"Mr. Riderhood next demands his shirt, and draws it on over his head (with his daughter's assistance), exactly as if he had just had a fight.

"'Warn't it a steamer?' he pauses to ask her.

"'Yes, father.'

"'I'll have the law on her, bust her! and make her pay for it!'

Exactly what Rogue Riderhood Stevens says to the national creditors.

Matters and Things.

BARON HAUSMANN, the Prefect of Paris, boasts that he has constructed during his reign of fifteen years, 85 miles of streets in Paris, 80 of which are shaded by 95,577 trees. Paris and the environs now cover 19,505 English acres: the Bois de Boulogne, 2,107; the Bois de Vincennes, 2,000 acres; the Buttes du Châmont, 62; Mont Souris, 45; and the Parc du Monceau, 20. The French metropolis now consumes 350 million quarts of water every twenty-four hours, and it will receive 100 million quarts additional when the waters of the Vanne are conducted into the city and the new artesian wells are at work.—A new method of cutting, or rather dividing glass, has been recently invented in France, and is practiced in the large establishment of the Glass Company of Balcarat. A jet of highly heated air is directed from a tube on the vase or other object to be cut, which, while made to revolve on its axis, is brought close to the nozzle of the tube. The object being then cooled suddenly, the glass divides at the place operated on with extreme accuracy.—Dr. Donovan recently read a paper before the Anthropological Society of London, in which he reached the following conclusions: "That the brain is the sole physical medium of all the mental faculties; that the brain is not a single organ, acting as a whole in all its operations, but is composed of as many separate and independent parts as there are separate mental faculties; that the brain is subjected to a law of size, and that its separate parts are subjected to the same law."—The debate on the new loan in the French Chambers, shows that the empire has spent on an average \$60,000,000 a year since 1852 in excess of the revenue, and that the total budget of France cannot be considered less than \$600,000,000 a year. At that rate the empire has cost France \$340,000,000 already, and in fifty years two-thirds of her income would be mortgaged to the debt. Affairs are not really so bad as this; first, because the country is increasing in wealth, and secondly, because the grand check, inability to borrow, will arrive before that; but the policy of the empire, if persisted in, will really endanger the security of Rentes. A great war would be cheaper than this armed peace.—The Pope has issued a bill summoning a General Council of the Catholic Church for the 8th of December, 1869. All bishops unable to appear are to be represented by proxy, and it is hinted that the objects of the Council will be to confirm the temporal power, to denounce civil marriage, and to declare the control of education the moral right of the Church. We are assured that a great attempt will also be made to secure a vote declaring the infallibility of the Pope, a dogma which will modify the whole character of Catholicism. It seems probable that the Council, if held at all, will be attended by all Catholic bishops throughout the world, and by consecrating the propositions of the Syllabus, will deepen the terrible chasm between the Laity and the Church. There are many days, however, betwixt this and the 8th of December, 1869.—The Germans have just been giving new expression to the national feeling toward Luther, with all that solemnity and enthusiasm which naturally marks the dawn of a new national life and a new political power in Germany. They have been putting up to him a great monument at Worms, which the King of Prussia, in the name of the new-born nation, unveiled a few weeks ago. The contributions toward this great historical monument have flowed in from every great German city—for Luther still represents to Germans of every shade of opinion the power which led the revolt against the Papacy, and asserted the absolute right of every individual soul to its own faith without waiting for the guarantee of the Church, and in spite even of the Church's protest.—The London *Athenaeum* shows that a large part of Baron Von Alvensleben's book, "With Maximilian in Mexico," is a paraphrase, and a very close one, of Buiwer's "Deveroux."—Except in its hostility to the Republicans, and the existing Congress, the Democratic party has no bond of internal union.—An English traveler gives the following receipt for what he calls "a tropical claret cup," which, if complied with, would, we imagine, produce something "good to take," viz.: "To a bottle of claret add three wineglasses of cognac, a couple of large tablespoons of sugar, the rind of a lime cut thin, a dozen cloves, the seeds of three cardamom pods, a quarter of a nutmeg, one green chili, a small sprig of borage, a dozen leaves of mint, and a threatening of lime-juice, or what is perhaps better, a lime cut into thin slices. Let it stand for twenty minutes, and then add three bottles of cooled soda water, stirring it up well, and serving

it out with a ladle whilst in a state of effervescence. This brew makes a good drink for three people."—The English are both annoyed and suspicious over the mission of Mr. Burlingame. The *Saturday Review*, in one breath, undertakes to disparage its importance by saying, that "no Chinese of high position would ever deign to visit a foreign court as Minister," and that "the last diplomatic agent of China in England was a clerk;" but in the next breath its real animus betrays itself: "If the character of Mr. Burlingame's mission is unusually compendious, its object is in no less degree suspicious. Its attainment would either tend to involve us in immediate war, or fasten on us humiliations from which we could only be extricated by a war sooner or later. So that the purport of our existing treaties should be thoroughly examined, and all propositions for their modification should be narrowly watched."—This is the advice of Thomas Carlyle to a young man who wrote to him for indications as to his conduct in life: "Understand always that the end of man is an action, not a thought. Endeavor incessantly, with all the strength that is in you, to ascertain what—there where you are—there as you are—you can do in this world; and upon that bend your whole faculties; regarding all reveries, feelings, singular thoughts, moods, etc., as worth nothing whatever, except as they bear on that, and will help you toward that. Your thoughts, moods, etc., will thus in part legitimate themselves, and become fruitful possessions for you; in part fall away as illegitimate, and die out of the way, and your goal will become clearer to you every step you courageously advance toward it. No man ever understood this universe; each man *may* understand what good and manful work it lies with him to accomplish there."

THE Pope has issued an "Allocution," directed mainly against the liberal reforms of Austria, which, since the issue of the war with Prussia, has taken enormous strides in the path of progress. The first "odious law" that excites his wrath is that which "establishes free liberty for all opinions, liberty of the press, of every faith, and no matter what confession or doctrine; it grants to the members of every confession the right of establishing public schools and colleges, and members of every confession are to be admitted on the same footing with the sanction of the State." Another profane law makes civil marriage valid, although it in no way interferes with the religious services or with the doctrines which the Roman Catholic clergy impose on their flocks. The Pope is perfectly at liberty to hold that the offspring of civil marriages are illegitimate; but in the meantime they will succeed to the property of their parents. The law of Joseph II., now restored, "admits and confirms that form of marriage, absolutely condemnable, called civil marriage, and the Government has suppressed all the authority and jurisdiction of the Church over matters relative to marriage. It is also provided that any confession may institute private schools of its own, under the inspection of the State, and the school books, with the exception of those which are used in religious instruction, shall be submitted to the civil authorities." Under these circumstances "it becomes necessary strongly to reprove and condemn these abominable laws sanctioned by the Austrian Government;" and by virtue of his own inherent power, the Pope declares that those decrees are null and void.

*The Herald* is responsible for the following story, suggested probably by the state of the weather:

"It is related that brilliant and versatile politician and preacher, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, did not disdain taking the cause of the exaltation of the mercury in the tube as a text on which to found one of his instructive semi-political discourses. Entering the pulpit on one exquisitely hot Sabbath morning, his congregation numerous as usual, he slowly advanced to the desk, the thumb and fore finger of his sinister hand inserted between the collar of his shirt and the criticle of his thorax, and while he vainly essayed to keep these at a respectable distance, i. e., the throat and the collar—the 'sisterhood' seated before him meanwhile, assiduously fanning their blushing, peach-like cheeks, he opened his mouth and said, in those soft, clear and yet resonant tones so peculiar to him when wholly self-possest, 'Brethren and sisters, it is d—d hot!'

"On the instant the fans were suspended in mid air, and several of the 'sisters' came near going into a state of coma or hysterics, which is not the same thing, while the more pious of the 'brethering,' with a cry of horror, sprang to their feet and there stood, like so many statues, with the perspiration streaming from every square inch of their bodies, rippled as it fell to the floor in little streams toward the desk, concentrating upon it in one great volume as though they would wash out forever the very emphatic adjective which the great apostle of Plymouth Church had just uttered. The self-possest teacher did not seem to notice the state of consternation into which he had thrown his audience, and as for the second time he jerked at the flaccid collar of linen, he repeated, 'Brethren and sisters, it is d—d hot!' Such he continued in measured speech, 'were the profane words that not an hour since saluted my ear within the very shadow of this temple, dedicated to —'. Here the reverend gentleman was interrupted by a chorus of 'Oh's' from the ladies, who recommended the operation of fanning, while the gentlemen, in unison, as they slowly resumed their seats, cried 'Ah!' in swelling, organ-like tones."

IT is no disparagement to Brady, nor Fredricks, nor any other of the disciples of the Sun, to say that in the art of photography, wherein the artist himself takes part, with the right feeling and true capacity, no photographer surpasses Sarony, 630 Broadway. We find in the Springfield (Mass.) *Daily Republican* a most deserved estimate of Sarony's pictures, this time mainly *appropos* of his fine studies of Ristori in her leading characters. The *Republican* says:

"What photographs are usually, any one who has been vain enough to pose, can testify. An ordinary photograph is just such a likeness as one's worst enemy would take if he were the sun. There is no such bar under the sun as the sun, but by some legerdemain Sarony has got the upper hand," and "master of the situation. Why? Because he is an artist. Sarony has devoted himself entirely to art for many years, being the head of the Sarony lithographic company. He is an admirable orator-champion, and now that he has turned his attention to photography, New York will be the first time that it can be made an art. Sarony's photographs are not only finely executed and good as

likenesses, but they are pictures. He seizes whatever is picturesque in his subject, and turns it to the best advantage, so that very plain people are astonished to find out how many good points they possess. 'I never knew I had such a good-looking wife until Sarony took her photograph,' said a solid man of New York, the other day."

Nor long ago Mr. Vallandigham, in his paper, the Dayton (Ohio) *Ledger*, proclaimed:

"If a 'War Democrat' of the Marble-Halpine 'flaunting-le' school is chosen standard-bearer of the party, his defeat is inevitable, because the wing known as the Peace Democrats will not support him; if at all, at least with no degree of zeal—and they are a power in the land."

Now, is or was Seymour a "Peace Democrat"? All of his friends hereabouts are busy in trying to prove that he was conspicuously a "War Democrat," and really the man who defeated Lee at Gettysburg.

The London *Spectator* is struck with the tendency to what it calls "irreligion" in the so-called civilized world. On the Continent, it says: "One of the most marked signs of the times is the extent to which irreligion is becoming a religion, a fanaticism as fierce and as propagandist as that of any creed has ever been. The change is not so perceptible in the Protestant States, where irreligion tends toward indifferentism, or rather to a tone of mind lower even than that—the tone of England just before Whitfield began his career, a tone under which the supernatural is neither loved, nor hated, nor feared, nor discussed, but simply ignored, as one might suppose it to be among bees."

In England, on the other hand, religion is treated with coldness and indifference.

"People now discuss the First Cause in drawing-

rooms, and argue about the soul over their soup—so much is the apathy of the educated upon the whole subject. They seem to feel about theology as men without ear feel about music, as something some people were interested in, possibly a something great, possibly a something trivial; but anyhow, a something of which they understand neither the laws nor the motives, nor the pleasures, nor the pains, nor even the terminology." What is true of England is true of America. In Spanish America the devotees of the Church are women and beggars. The men are mainly indifferent or scoffers. This is a matter for religious philosophers.

The friends of the late Maximilian of Austria are not content with publishing the weak and immature writings of that unfortunate gentleman, but have had the bad judgment of procuring their translation into English, under the title of "Recollections of my Life," in three volumes. These Recollections hardly rise above the level of ordinary school-girl compositions, and show that their author was a man of tame and mediocre character and superficial intelligence. The books are full of amusing blunders of fact, incongruous similes and comparisons, and the silliest kind of sentimentalism and superstition. Thus Galileo "discovered the principle of gravitation by letting a stone fall through the hollow interior (of the leaning tower of Pisa) from a height of one hundred and forty-two feet! In most of the Catholic churches," he says, "that beautiful custom prevails of a wonder-working image, which forms the centre of devotion." The trickery which pleased him at Lucca he describes as "a very old crucifix, on which the Redeemer is represented crowned with very valuable jewels, and wrapped in a dark gold-embroidered coat. This dress," he adds, "had a touching effect upon me, for never before had I seen the Saviour suspended on the cross in the garb of a king. The contrast is powerful, and does not miss its effect." We do not recognize a man qualified to be the founder of a newly-organized Latin empire in a sentimental diarist, who, off the coast of Southern Italy, writes: "I was alone, quite alone, in strange seas"—that is, he was on board an Austrian frigate, with a crowd of Austrian companions; yet he says, "I was in one of those forlorn dispositions of mind, in which a man feels a sort of sweet despair and longing for home. My family had made me too happy at home."

#### THE "BARBE BLEUE."

MR. BATEMAN would appear to have some private understanding with the Clerk of the Weather. How else are we to account for the fact that the heated term, which seemed as if it was endless, and which had peculiarly accrued all management, has "let up" upon himself and that impudent composer, Offenbach?

When he produced the "Barbe Bleue" the thermometer was in a state of temporary collapse.

The New Yorker could laugh with a soul unsmitten by the prospective pang of a wilted shirt-collar, and the New Yorkerine could suffer her fan to lie idle at Niblo's Garden, in order that, in the intervals stolen from flirtation, she might frame a tolerably fair idea of the music.

For Offenbach's music is not entirely destitute of meaning.

On the contrary, it is insolently vain of its scantiness of intention.

What does it matter to him that there is nothing but puffed pasta and whipped cream on the musical table which he spreads for his admirers? Would they admire him if he offered them anything which was musically more solid? Certainly not. Can they or could they relish it? The answer to this, is, at any rate, problematically debatable. His "Barbe Bleue" is undoubtedly Grandduchessy. If theatrical destiny had reversed their order of production, we might equally have pronounced that the "Grand Duchess" was singularly Bluebeard. The plot has the merit of being admirably thin, and we are gratified to say that the music or melody—one or both—is or are admirably thinner. In spite of criticism, it might consequently have lived through the nineteenth degree of heat, while upon the seventeenth it flourished wonderfully. All of idle New York that had not run away to Long Branch, Saratoga or Newport, with the delusive hope of perspiring less, and the painful certainty of perspiring more, has been to see it. It pronounces it a success.

And in truth it is a success.

Niblo's Garden enjoyed it almost as thoroughly as did the "Black Crook."

The scenery and the dress, as well as the want of dress, were excellent.

Mademoiselle Irma made a decided hit with the audience, and Monsieur Anjae made an even greater one. He has a clear and powerful tenor voice, and what is even better for the execution of music of this class, has had it trained and taught carefully. In addition to his musical capacity, he is also an excellent actor, as French operatic singers are, with a dash full of grace and intention. The lady whom we have named has a voice of no very great power, but withal uses it in a manner to develop its generally pleasant quality. And then, she possesses what is, as things go upon the stage now, a far more prodigious virtue or excellence—which is it? She has a taking face. We mean this literally. It took young New York's heart at once. To be sure such "look" is of no very great value. But such as it is, Mademoiselle Irma has it at present.

The orchestra, which was conducted by Birfeld, was a larger one than the little French theatre used to accommodate, and worked upon Monday—for a first night—admirably.

We may also congratulate Offenbach upon having a good chorus.

Many of the old favorites of the French theatre made themselves once more pleasantly visible on the boards of Niblo's, and it may be honestly said, when the Tosset returns to us, that no such French company for Opera Bouffe or Vaudeville has ever before appeared in this city. Were there such things in this country as red ribbons, Papa Bateman would deserve being enrolled among the Legion. Nay! we tender this hint, on his behalf, very cordially to Louis Napoleon.

#### ART COSSIP.

AMONG the artists yet remaining in town is Mr. J. W. Ehninger, who has postponed his usual summer sojourn in the rural districts on account of numerous engagements in the portrait branch. We have lately seen in his studio a number of portraits on a small scale, none of which are yet quite finished. The most advanced of them, however, display excellent qualities of truthful character and quiet pearly color.

Mr. J. B. Bristol is collecting material for future landscapes, in the vicinity of Hilledale, Columbia county, New York.

In the West Tenth Street Studio Building, Mr. J. F. Weir is still occasionally at work, although he passes a portion of the summer in the country. The principal picture on which he is at present engaged, is one of large cabinet size, the subject of which is a blacksmith at work in his forge, discussing affairs with a soldier who stands by the anvil. This picture is one of great promise, already displaying the valuable quality of rich, mellow color. It will probably be placed on view at the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design. A smaller picture than the one just referred to, the subject of which has also been suggested by that most poetical of workshops—the forge—has lately been finished by Mr. Weir, and is now to be seen in his studio. "Shoeing the Ox" is the idea here. It is a capital study of blacksmith, quadruped and accessories, all the details of the latter being touched in with great definiteness and observation.

Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, has removed his studio from 212 to 161 Fifth avenue.

Mr. Shattuck is rustinating, as usual, about these days of the summer solstice. He makes his headquarters, for the present, at Tariffville, Connecticut.

Wide open to visitors stands the door of Mr. Page's studio, in the Tenth street building. Country cousins visiting the city have, therefore, an excellent opportunity of viewing Venus as the painter has idealized her, as well as of inspecting several interesting portraits and other works by this artist.

Mr. Gignoux remains, for the present, in his studio in the city, occupied upon a very brilliant landscape of Lake George scenery. Next week he purposes visiting the mountains, where he will remain for some weeks. Launt Thompson will visit Europe in the Fall.

Mr. James Fairman takes his subjects frequently, now, from the harbor of New York and its surroundings. There is now on view, at the corner of Third avenue and Twelfth street, a spirited picture by this artist, with a heavy sea on the bay, a yacht in the foreground, and a glimpse of the city beyond.

#### OUR LONDON LETTER.

AMONG the passing events that have at last been concluded is the trial of Ex-Governor Eyre. It has led to a storm in the Court of Queen's Bench, as the puissant Judge Blackbourne, who charged the jury, did not do so in the sense of the Bench of Judges, who, it appears, hold the opinion that Gordon's execution was formally illegal, and that no martial law could be so administered. The persecution of Eyre, as his friends and the Conservatives call it, will, however, intimidate other "colonials," and stop their hanging proclivities, so that British subjects of all colors may breathe again freely.

The Parliament is slowly getting through the ordinary business, but the lords have just thrown out the "Suspension Bill," so that the Irish Church Question will have to be debated again in the next Parliament. But in spite of all attempts to retrograde, public opinion is making great strides, and the lords may find to their cost that opposition to the will of the Commons will cost them dear. They have also thrown out the Bill for Amalgamating the Southern Railways, which had likewise passed the Commons. This is another exercise of the Veto, which is pregnant with public inconvenience, although professedly for the public benefit. In the meantime, the days of the Parliament are numbered, and the next will have more of the popular element in it.

Prince Alfred, or the Duke of Edinburgh, has arrived. The man who shot him was executed under the Act of Parliament still in force at Sydney, although not here, of wounding with intent to kill.

The troops from Abyssinia, too, have arrived at Portsmouth, and also the "loot." Two portions of this have been secured to the British Museum—the misre of the Abouna or Coptic Patriarch of Abyssinia. It is in shape of a bell, like the Pope's tiara, is ornamented with a triple band of ornaments in open work, having at the summit gold tassels with emerald beads, and side-lappets for the cheek. The top has the four Evangelists in repoussé work, with their names in Amharic. It is in fact the imitation of a Roman helmet with the crest and cheek-plates, and is made of gold plates. With it has come a gold chalice, solid and heavy, in shape of a champagne glass, inscribed with a dedication of the Abyssinian monarch, who gave it to the Church of Gondra. The agent of the British Museum bought the two for \$30 of a drunken soldier, but they were declared the spoil of the army, which asks \$100,000 for them. Intrinsically they are worth \$2,500. Four hundred Ethiopic manuscripts are also on their way, so that art and literature will have baulked a few sprats to compensate for the outlay. The crown and shield of Theodore are destined for the South Kensington Museum, so that the two rival institutions divide between them the royal and sacrosanct treasures of the Abyssinians. That kingdom has indeed departed: the youthful scion of royalty, the lineal descendant of Solomon and Sheba, is led in captivity, and the Gallas have entered into possession of Magdala, and the former possessions of Theodore.

The Rachel case has so far ended that Rachel has been committed for trial and bailed out. The long preliminary investigation before the magistrate, Knob, has

exhausted the subject, and damages some reputations. More may come out on the trial; but in the meantime the infatuation of a lady of fifty to be made "beautiful for ever," with "expense no object" provided that she married a "real lord," is a subject of public amusement.

Risk Allah, who gained heavy damages against the *Daily Telegraph* for libel, has now another action pending against a Marine Insurance Company, which has decided to pay the loss of a "group" of napoleons, sovereigns and securities, which dropped out of his hand into the "sweet waters" of the Dardanelles. Altogether this "Syrian gentleman" has been very unfortunate: libeled by a free press, and disbelieved by respectable under-writers. The carpet-bag which held the "group" was weak in the handle, and Risk Allah, who also dived into the depths of the Mediterranean, while mounting a steamer, was rescued from the plunge, but the "cash group" departed to "Davy Jones's locker." The argument of Ballantine, the counsel for the defense, has not yet been heard, but the company deny, it appears, the extent of the loss; but the evidence as yet given is in favor of what the French call the "solidarity" of the "group." The jury could not agree, and have been dismissed.

A broad, the principal new topic of interest is the Suez Canal, which the French press, or a portion of it, consider a poniard at the breast of perfidious England. As a commercial speculation, after consuming some \$70,000,000, it seems a profitless one, and its attractions require the stimulus of lottery for \$20,000,000, which is to be revived on its behalf. During the Palmerston Administration no doubt considerable obstruction was offered to the project, on the plea that the French were really, under pretense of a canal, taking possession of the Isthmus of Suez, by establishing some thousand workmen on that neck of land. The French idea is, that the Indian trade will pass into the hands of small craft, but as steamers only can successfully navigate the Red Sea at all seasons, when the canal is cut, the strongest maritime power in the Mediterranean will always be the mistress of it, and a "bad quarter of an hour" will settle which will hold it. In the meantime, the canal, when navigable, will be a boon to all parties, and England need only be too thankful that France has undertaken the expense and trouble of cutting it. With Malta at one end, and Aden at the other of that marine tube, there is little to fear for the future. The canal, when practicable, will be a luxury for France and a necessity for England.

There is every prospect of peace this year, France and Germany are for the moment satisfied, and the only outstanding difficulty is the Eastern Question, by which is meant the limitation of the action of Russia in European Turkey. In connection with that is the Servian catastrophe, and the assassination of Prince Michael, for reasons not clearly known. He is stated to have been an opponent of Pan-Slavism, and is succeeded by his son Milan.

There is no immediate difficulty in the State of Servia, but the European outlying dependencies of Turkey are the joints in its armor, and the dismemberment of the latter power is being worked out by creating feeble Scythian Principalities on the Danube.

Austria is also in similar difficulties, as the state of Bohemia shows, the existence of Pan-Slavonic intrigues, and the difficulty of holding together the discordant nationalities which pass under the general name of Austria, but which are virtually governed by the intelligence of the German population. Under the new regime great progress has been made in improving the municipal condition of the empire, but this has led to two great struggles—the internal one of the incoherent races that make up the empire, and the external one, with the Papacy, which has added the bitterness of an "Allocution" to the waters of political strife. The old grievance of mixed and civil marriages has called forth the "backward blessing" of the Vatican. Even here the marriage question has its difficulties, as the Church in Convocation has pronounced against the marriage of divorced persons, which the law permits. The state of the marriage law, however, demands that all marriages should be first contracted before a civil magistrate, which confers civil rights, and a public recognition and registration of the fact, for the protection of the issue of the marriage, and the parties can then be married according to the ceremonies of the communion to which they belong. The refusal to remarry divorced persons by the Church is a positive opposition to the law which permits it. In those countries where the mere consent and public report is sufficient to constitute marriage, the legitimacy of the children under such marriages is always precarious, and they are not unfrequently supplanted by their more powerful relations from the inheritance of their parents. Austria, in allowing civil marriages, has made a stride in the path of religious toleration, which is most displeasing to the Pope. Hence the "Allocution" or "reprimand" of the Pontiff, who of late has been employed as the censor of the political and moral world, which declines to be guided by the old Delphic Oracle of the middle ages, and the inconvenient code inherited from pagan Rome, unsuited to the wants and desire of modern Europe. That moral truths should be developed, as well as physical ones, by experience, is beyond the grasp of the Vatican,

**Murder of Policeman John Smedick, by James Real, on First Avenue, near Thirty-second Street, New York City, July 23rd.**

As Officer John Smedick, of the Twenty-first Precinct, was patrolling his post on First avenue, near Thirty-second street, shortly after ten o'clock, on Thursday evening, July 23d, he was assailed by a boatman named John Real, who, without any warning, shot him in the right breast. A second bullet was discharged at the officer after he fell, and the assassin then started on a run up Thirty-second street. Officer James Mee, of the same precinct, heard the shots, and hastening to discover the cause, overtook the murderer, and ordered him to stop. Real turned toward the officer, and after applying an insulting epithet, fired at him, but the bullet fortunately missed its mark, and the man dashed on, closely followed by the officer.

An exciting chase then took place between the two men, during which Real fired at the officer several times, but without effect. Officer Mee having pursued the murderer through the block from Thirty-second street, and into Second avenue, caught up with him as he was about darting down a side street, and felled him to the side-walk. The prisoner was conducted to the station-house, where he acknowledged having assaulted Officer Smedick, but did not appear to regret the result.

At the time of the murder, Real was under bonds for having previously attempted to kill the officer, who is reported to have been a fearless and faithful member of the force. The murdered man resided at 317 West Thirty-ninth street, and leaves a wife and two children.

**Kinglake's Narrative of the Charge of the Light Brigade.**

In Mr. Kinglake's new volumes of "The Invasion of the Crimea" is the following vivid narrative of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava:

"Soon the fated advance of the Light Brigade had proceeded so far as to begin to disclose its strange purpose—the purpose of making straight for the far distant battery which crossed the foot of the valley, by passing for a mile between two Russian forces, and this at such ugly distance from each as to allow of our squadrons going down under a doubly flanking fire of round-shot, grape, and rifle-balls, without the opportunity of yet doing any manner of harm to their assailants. Then, from the slopes of the Causeway Heights on the one side, and the Fedoukine Hills on the other, the Russian artillery brought its power to bear right and left, with

its efficiency every moment increasing; and large numbers of riflemen on the slopes of the Causeway Heights, who had been placed where they were in order to cover the retreat of the Russian battalions, found means to take their part in the work of destroying our horsemen. When Lord Cardigan and his squadrons rode thus under heavy cross-fire, the visible object they had straight before them was the white bank of smoke, from time to time pierced by flashes of flame, which marks the site of a battery in action; for in truth the very goal that had been chosen for our squadrons—a goal rarely before assigned to cavalry—was the front of a battery—the front of that twelve-gut battery, with the main body of the Russian cavalry in rear of it, which crossed the lower end of the valley; and so faithful, so resolute, was Lord Cardigan in executing this part of what he understood to be his appointed task, that he chose out one of the guns which he judged to be about the centre of the battery, rode straight at its fire, and made this, from first to last, his sole guiding star.

\* \* \* "Pressing always deeper and deeper into this pen of fire, the devoted brigade, with Lord Cardigan still at its head, continued to move down the valley. The fire the brigade was incurring had not yet come to be of that crushing sort which mows down half a troop in one instant, and for some time a steady pace was maintained. As often as a horse was killed, or disabled, or deprived of the rider, his fall, or his plunge, or his ungoverned pressure, had commonly the effect of enforcing upon the neighboring chargers more or less of lateral movement, and in this way there was occasioned a slight dispersion of the ranks in which the casualty had occurred; but in the next instant, when the troopers had ridden clear of the disturbing cause, they closed up, and rode on in a line as even as before, though reduced by the loss just sustained. The movement occasioned by each casualty was so constantly recurring, and so constantly followed by the same process—the process of reclosing the ranks—that to distant observers the alternate distension and contraction of the line seemed to have the precision and sameness which belong to mechanic contrivance. Of these distant observers there was one—and that, too, a soldier—who so felt to the heart the true import of what he saw, that, in a paroxysm of admiration and grief, he burst into tears. In well-maintained order, but growing less every instant, our squadrons still moved down the valley.

"Their pace for some time was firmly governed. When horsemen, too valorous to be thinking of flight, are brought into straits of this kind, their tendency is to be galloping swiftly forward, each man at the greatest pace he can exact from his own charger, thus destroying, of course, the formation of the line; but Lord Cardigan's love of strict, uniform order was a propensity having all the force of a passion; and as long as it seemed possible to exert authority, by voice or by gesture, the leader of this singular onset was firm in pressing the fault.

"Thus, when Captain White, of the Seventeenth Lancasters (who commanded the squadron of direction), became anxious, as he frankly expressed it, 'to get out of such a murderous fire, and into the guns,' as being the best of the two evils, and endeavoring, with that view, to 'force the pace,' pressed forward so much as to be almost alongside of the chief's bridle-arm, Lord Cardigan checked this impatience by laying his sword across the captain's breast, telling him at the same time not to try to force the pace, and not to be riding before the leader of the brigade. Otherwise than for this, Lord Cardigan, from the first to the last of the onset, did not speak now make sign. Riding straight and erect, he never once turned in his saddle with the object of getting a glance at the squadrons which followed him; and to this rigid abstinenze—giving proof, as such abstinenze did, of an unbending resolve—it was apparently owing that the brigade never fell into doubt concerning its true path of duty, never wavered (as the best squadrons will, if the leader for even an instant, appears to be uncertain of purpose), and was guiltless of even inclining to any default except that of tailing to keep down the pace."

\* \* \* "Supposing Lord Cardigan to be accurate when he says that he could neither see any still-existing remnants of the first line, nor any portion of his supports, there are two monosyllables—more apt than the language of scholars—by which hunting-men will be able to describe his predicament, and to sum up a good deal of truth in a spirit of fairness. For eight or ten minutes Lord Cardigan led the whole field, going always straight as an arrow; he then was 'thrown out.' Perhaps if he had followed the instincts of the sport from which the phrase has been taken, he would have been all eye, all ear for a minute, and in the next would have found his brigade. But with him, the sounder lessons of Northamptonshire had been overlaid by a too lengthened experience of the soldiering that is practiced in peace-time. In riding back after the troops which he saw in retreat up the valley, he did as he would have done at home after any mock charge in Hyde Park.

"It will always be remembered that the who retired from the now silenced battery was the man who, the foremost of all a few moments before, had

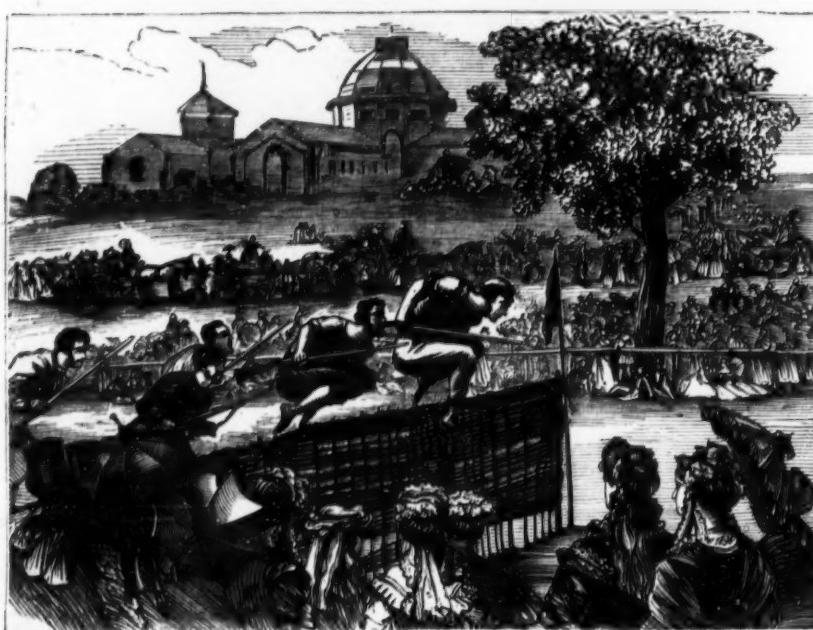
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 325.



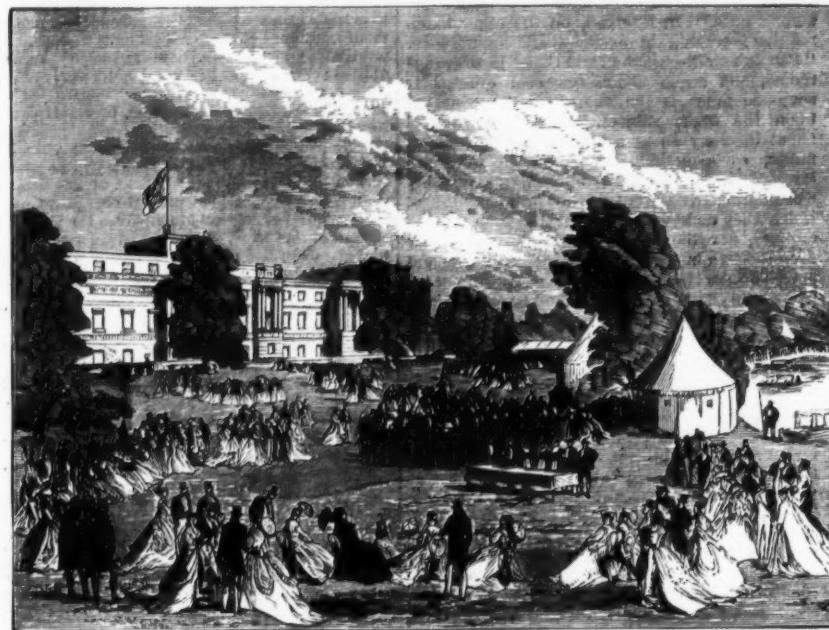
THE IMPERIAL PARK AT FONTAINBLEAU, FRANCE.



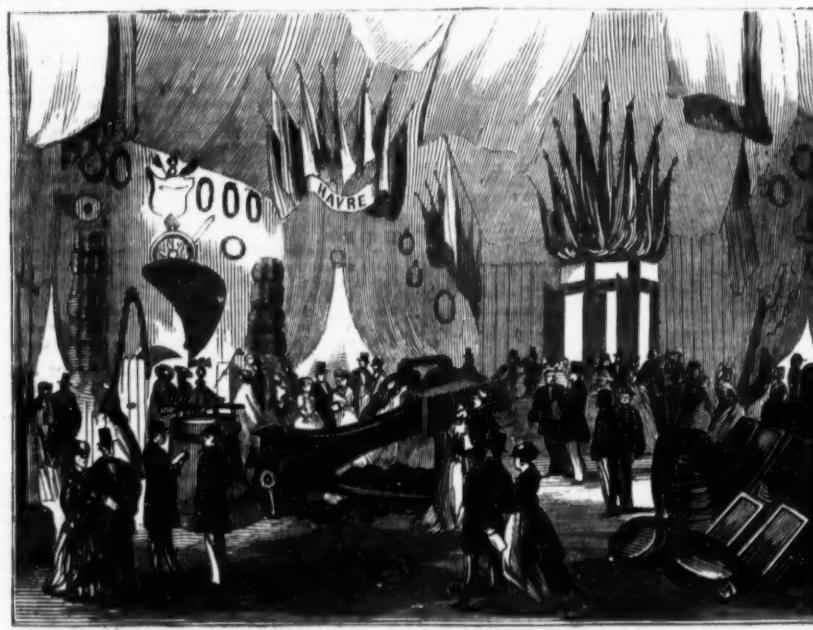
SINGULAR BULL FIGHT AT BILBAO, SPAIN—A PICADOR ON A VELOCIPED.



VOLUNTEER ATHLETIC SPORTS AT ALEXANDRA PARK, LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY, AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE GRAND VESTIBULE OF THE INTERNATIONAL MARITIME EXPOSITION, AT HAVRE, FRANCE.



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—RETURN OF THE BRITISH ARMY FROM MAGDALA.



BLOWING UP A SLAVE DHOW IN THE ARABIAN GULF, BY THE BOATS OF H.M.S. "SPIEFUL."



DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE BALLOON "CAPTIVE" AT CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, ENGLAND.



NEW YORK LEDGER BUILDING, CORNER WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STREETS.

**PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED  
EUROPEAN PRESS.**

**The Imperial Park at Fontainebleau,  
France.**

Fontainebleau has always been a favorite summer resort of the sovereigns of France. The town is situated in the midst of one of the finest forests in the country, and the castle is the most magnificent in the empire, several monarchs having vied with each other in lavishing upon it all the embellishments that art could furnish. The park, laid out like a vast garden, and adorned with statues, temples, fountains, lakes and waterfalls, corresponds to the magnificence of the castle. In this charming sylvan retreat the Emperor Napoleon and the Imperial family have taken up their residence for the midsummer, and our engraving represents a portion of the park reserved for the use of the august personages.

**Volunteer Athletic Sports at Alexandra  
Park, London.**

About five years ago a company was formed in London by the proprietors of the Great Exhibition building of 1862, for the purpose of transporting the immense structure to an estate at Muswell Hill, near London, and making such additions to it that it might become a worthy rival of the famous Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The building was successfully removed, and the Alexandra Park Company have inaugurated a series of horse-races and athletic sports, which daily attract large audiences. The park is two hundred acres in extent, and is laid out as pleasure-grounds. The handsome palace is situated on an attractive hill, with its whole length facing the south, and the racecourse is two miles in length, and shaped like a battledore. The athletic sports represented in our illustration were under the auspices of the Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, and embraced hurdle-races, standing and running high jumps, flat races, throwing the cricket-ball, putting the heavy stone, and other interesting games.

**The Grand Vestibule of the International  
Maritime Exhibition at Havre, France.**

Last week we gave several illustrations of the International Maritime Exhibition, held at Havre, which related to the mammoth aquarium. The exhibition was not confined to specimens and implements of the fisheries, models of shipping and collections of aquatic curiosities, but contained also a fine display of mechanical genius. Our present engraving represents the grand vestibule of the Exhibition, with trophies of flags, and festoons of chains on the walls. In the centre of the chamber was exposed to view one of the largest anchors ever manufactured, with its immense chain and capstan near by. At the conclusion of the exhibition the prizes are to be distributed in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, for whose accommodation a superbly decorated hall has been erected in the centre of the quadrangle occupied by the exhibition structure.

**Blowing up of a Slave Dhow in the  
Arabian Gulf by the Boats of H. M. S.  
Spiteful.**

H. M. S. *Spiteful*, a British sloop-of-war, has recently returned to England from a month's cruising in the Arabian Gulf, in search of slaves. During that short time, six large vessels engaged in the slave trade were captured and destroyed, and more than two hundred men, women and children were rescued from a life of horrible servitude. Our engraving represents the blowing up of a very large and heavily-armed slave dhow, which the *Spiteful* encountered in a quiet bay, surrounded by high, and almost perpendicular rocks. On sending several boats to reconnoitre the slaver's position, it was discovered that the fighting men of the dhow had taken possession of the cliffs to prevent a surprise, and that the remainder of the crew were engaged in landing the captives, and hurrying them off by an overland route. In the face of a heavy firing from the rocks, a party of sailors were landed on the vessel, with instructions to secure all persons found on board,

and to deposit a quantity of shell and combustibles in the hold sufficient to destroy the craft. A few trembling slaves were found stowed away in a dark and contracted passage, from whom it was ascertained that nearly four hundred slaves had been landed from the vessel and started across the mountains. The sailors, with the slaves, retired to a safe distance, and in a few moments a deafening explosion took place, and the destruction of the dhow was complete.

**Singular Bullfight at Bilbao, Spain—A  
Picador on a Velocipede.**

The velocipede mania, now so prevalent in France, is extending to other countries. This ingenious machine was applied to a very original use in the city of Bilbao, in Spain, during the bullfight of the 7th of June. The velocipede took the place of the horse at this exhibition, and a young man, an accomplished velocipedist, in the costume of a *picador*, attacked the bull, and, lance in hand, charged the infuriated animal with as much firmness as an effectively as if he had been mounted upon the best steed of Cordova. As he could not check his career without losing his equilibrium, it was a curious spectacle to see him turning rapidly in a small circle, in order to face the furious bull, which, in fact, succeeded in upsetting him and his vehicle, but, wounded in the neck by the spear of the *picador*, took refuge in flight from the sharp steel. The spectators enthusiastically applauded the coolness of the young man, and the wonderful dexterity with which he maneuvered his velocipede, and it was the general impression that this new means of locomotion, if for no other reason than that it saved the lives of the unfortunate

horses, so often sacrificed in such sports, was an excellent innovation upon the arrangements of the arena.

**The Queen's Garden Party, Buckingham  
Palace, England.**

On the 22d of June Queen Victoria gave a magnificent breakfast party in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. These pleasure-grounds are forty acres in extent, and are seldom entered except by the nobility and members of the royal family. A prominent feature in the adornment of the gardens is the lake, which covers an area of five acres. This is surrounded by beautiful shrubbery, while at a short distance a mound is seen, planted with shrubs and trees, which almost hide from view a beautiful pavilion, surmounted by fantastic minarets, and decorated in the interior with elegant fresco-work. On the occasion of the party, tents were erected for the accommodation of the distinguished guests, in which refreshments were served, as well as in the lower dining-room of the palace. Several bands were in attendance, and enlivened the entertainment with choice music, and a party of Tyrolean singers attracted considerable attention by their well-rendered and characteristic songs. Her Majesty received the visitors in the drawing-room tent, attended by Princesses Louisa and Beatrice, and Princes Arthur and Leopold.

**The Abyssinian Expedition—Return of  
the British Army from Magdala.**

The passage of the train of mountain guns—an important branch of the British army—through the narrow, and in many places, precipitous defiles leading

from Magdala, forms an interesting feature in the concluding scenes of the great Abyssinian expedition. The train consisted of two batteries of light artillery, each containing six guns. Every gun was constructed so that it could be taken to pieces and transported on the backs of mules, four of the animals being able to carry one gun with all its belongings, and the caisson. The descent, in view of the peculiar formation of the country, was slow and extremely difficult, but the hardy mules proved themselves equal to the emergency, and accomplished the return without the loss of any portion of a gun.

**Destruction by Fire of the Balloon  
Captif, at Crystal Palace, London.**

A grand *fête* was held at the Crystal Palace, London, June 27th, which was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and other distinguished persons. The occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh's return from Australia was seized to celebrate the preservation of his royal highness from the hands of an assassin, and the triumphs of the British army in Abyssinia. The entertainment consisted of musical concerts, pyrotechnic displays, and balloon ascensions. A monster balloon, the *Captif*, which had been brought from Paris, for exhibition before the Aeronautical Society, while being inflated with a new kind of gas, caught fire from the heating apparatus, which by some means was overturned in the car, and burst with a loud report. But one person is reported to have been injured by the accident. A subscription was immediately raised, through the Crystal Palace authorities, and presented to M. de la Marne, the proprietor of the balloon.

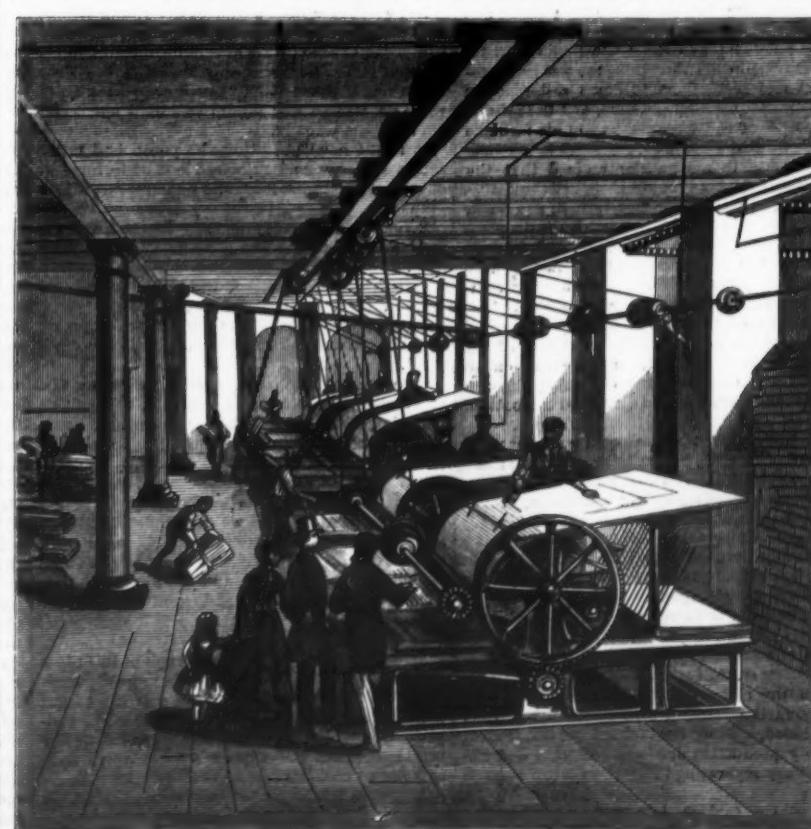
**Complimentary Testimonial to Benito Juarez  
President of the Republic of Mexico.**

The Mexicans residing in California and Nevada, gratefully recognizing the important services rendered by President Benito Juarez to the Republic of Mexico during the recent struggle against a foreign foe, and desiring to present him with a substantial expression of their regard and admiration, have caused to be prepared a beautiful gold medal, richly ornamented with diamonds and rubies.

The medal was manufactured by J. W. Tucker & Co., in San Francisco, Cal., at a cost of \$8,000, and is one of the finest specimens of workmanship ever executed in the United States. It is surrounded by a wreath of leaves, in enamel, which support at the bottom a golden eagle tearing with its beak and talons the serpent of Discord. This latter device, as well as the name of the recipient, is thickly studded with precious stones which give to the testimonial a remarkable brilliancy, and bring out to an admirable advantage the patriotic design on the medal proper.

**The New York Ledger Building, Corner of  
Spruce and William Streets.**

SEVERAL years ago the press-room of the *New York Ledger*, containing eight of Hoe's cylinder presses, was destroyed by fire. The enterprising proprietor, Mr. Robert Bonner, determined, recently, to erect a substantial fireproof building of marble and iron, which would possess greater accommodations than the old building, and be the means of preventing a repetition of a similar disaster. Contracts for the erection of the structure were given out, a gore lot, 26 feet front on William street, 97 feet on Spruce street, with a rear measurement of 47 feet, was selected as the site of the proposed establishment, and the *New York Ledger* of to-day occupies the second marble office that has within a comparatively few months been constructed for metropolitan journalists. The building is five stories in height, and is a model of simplicity, and, at the same time, comfort. The Renaissance style of architecture has been observed in its construction, and, we are informed, there has not been a single



NEW YORK LEDGER PRESS ROOM.



TESTIMONIAL MEDAL TO BENITO JUAREZ.

piece of timber used throughout the entire building. The walls are of unusual thickness, the marble veneering, or exterior, being one foot thick, with a lining of brick of considerable weight. The window-casings are of iron, and the brick fabric of the floors is supported by iron girders of one foot in width. The structure has an elevation of seventy feet above the sidewalk, as it is an underground apartment sixteen feet in height, which is used as a press-room. The first story is partitioned into three handsome stores; the second is occupied by the editorial and mailing-rooms; the third and fourth floors are divided into apartments suitable for offices for rent; and the entire area of the fifth story is devoted to the *Ledger* composing-room. The press-room, located in the basement, is about one hundred feet long, by thirty feet wide, and is furnished with eight drum-cylinder presses—four of Hoe's and four of Taylor's—and an Andrews engine. The cost of the new building was over two hundred thousand dollars.

#### BARTERED FOR GOLD.

Come out in the garden and walk awhile;  
Will you take my arm as you used to do?  
Ah! I see that your lips have learned to smile,  
Though your heart is aching with pain the while;  
But no matter—that's hidden from view!

• So you've bartered away yourself for gold?  
Well, he has a princely price to pay,  
For if hearts as lightly as yours are sold,  
But little of real true worth they hold—  
They are cheap in the market to-day!

When you sold him your hand, was love thrown in?  
Or had you no love with your hand to give?  
Was the price so small that it seemed a sin,  
When you sold yourself, to throw love in?

Ah, well! you've a gilded life to live!  
If gold will pay for a woman's hand,  
Then what for her soul's true love shall pay?  
It is strange, to-day, in this Christian land,  
But she'll sell herself for a jeweled band,  
While her love she will give away!

Ah, well! perhaps it is better so;  
Put love in the scale with gold and gems,  
And love goes up, while the gold sinks low;  
For gold is heavy—your heart will know!  
And love is nothing to diadems!

But they say that the heart, as years go by,  
Will tire of splendor, and turn away  
From the glitter of gems, to vainly sigh  
For the love it passed so lightly by;  
Tis strange, but still it's a fact, they say!

I wonder if you, in the coming years,  
Will sigh for the vanished dreams of youth?  
Will you ever sit down in sorrow and tears,  
And wish for the love of the gone-by years,  
And that life had held more of truth?

Perhaps—but no matter, the bargain's made,  
And sealed by the ring that your finger bears;  
Life isn't all sunshine; there's plenty of shade;  
But a life all shadow, at last, 'tis said,  
Is like thinking, in sin, of childhood's prayers.

Ah, well! perhaps you'll be happy; and yet,  
I cannot help thinking that, by-and-by,  
You'll look on the past with a vain regret,  
And I—why, I wish that we never had met!  
I hear them calling you—well—good-by!

#### The Romance of the House of Clouds.

##### CHAPTER VII.

Methought I heard a voice  
Cry, Sleep no more.

THE excellent baronet who dismissed the last chapter shall have the privilege of introducing this. Owing to the strange situation, or his supper, or the thin air, or the moon, he was destined to a short allowance of slumber. At the end of three hours of reasonably comfortable repose, his wakefulness seemed to return upon him with aggravated symptoms. What sensible man, he asked, could sleep long in that outlandish place? And after a period of intensified watching, in which, he successively heard the click of a telegraph, the song of scythes through wheat, the distant Bow-bells, the rustle of a silken congregation through a church aisle, the snap of two or three pairs of scissors in a barber's shop, and every other soft noise that was totally irreconcilable with his position in a mountain, he rose, with a heavy sense of shame at his own nervousness, and concluded to go out and help the sun rise. He was too early. The close, dead parlor received no light from the shutterless casements. Pausing to convince himself of that fact, with his hand on his stateroom-door, the weird sounds recommenced in the silence, and impudent lights opened upon the dark. About twenty-five windows of different shapes and sizes—some arching far above where the ceiling could possibly be, some little and crooked, like those in secret rooms that are lighted from slits in the sculpture of the outer walls—printed gray or lurid shapes upon the darkness when he turned his eyes around. At the same time he heard with exasperating distinctness his little dog dragging the demijohn about the floor, and laundresses rubbing away at a heavy wash.

Going toward the door, whose geography he knew by this time, he shuddered at setting his foot against a solid boot, as positive as iron, which softly withdrew from his touch. This phenomenon was quite surprising enough to bring upon him that common optical illusion, a light fall of phosphoric powder, which drops with a faint crash, and scintillates as it lights. Thus tormented by imps of silence and darkness, he made for the door, with a wide berth for the animated boot, determined to find all his manhood outside in the liberties of air and space.

Softly settling the latch behind him, he turned to view the scene of midnight. Not a vestige of scene was granted him. An inscrutable blanket of mist hung immediately before his eyes, and

obliterated sky, stars and rocks, and the very night. He cautiously descended from the sill to the doorstep, and from that to a rounded boulder, all of which crept under his steps, as covered with frost. The actual spaces pressed by his feet were the only facts he could be certain of in all the universe.

Having abandoned the contact of the wall and door, they treacherously withdrew into regions of chimera and conjecture, and might have been miles away. His soles instinctively embraced the rock as the only friendly solidity in his existence, and he stood caressing it like a coward. It was bitter cold, and perfectly still. The glutinous cloud smeared his face with chilly dew. He wished it were darker; for so absolutely devoid of color was the night that a healthy positive blackness would have been a relief; as it was, the vague non-tint was precisely that which a startled mind loves to print with foolish patterns and pyrotechnics. An insupportable exhaustion fell upon his retina, which reached in vain for anything above or beneath to lay hold on. He made his way to another rock, and enjoyed it in his morbidity, because it was sharp, whereas the last was round: then with sensitive hands and feet, to another and another. Then a vague wonder how far they had gone to that precipice yesterday frightened him, and he staid shuddering where he was. He would now no more have attempted to find the house again than to leap into the air for a star.

Comforting himself dismally with the thought that sunrise could not be far off, he waited on the frozen stone during the largest half hour of his life, with his eyes painfully distended—exposed to all the goblins that infest suspense. The nihilism of space oppressed him as he stared: globes of dim fire shaped themselves wherever his sight was directed, and rolled fading away. A band of light arched over his head—another fainter one curved horizontally before him—and these were soon crossed by tedious serpents, and spiked with red-hot bars. But the worst illusion, and one which almost made the benighted man believe his senses tainted, was a phenomenon whose full horror it is not quite easy to suggest in words.

A constellation, though lacking in outline and motive, may in some cases suggest an organic form. We see Orion's starry eye, we fancy his dagger dangles as he leans; but our marvelous creative Mind alone can give him body and direction—we can but dream we see his soft fingers beyond their seals, his unmeasured breast between its burning bosoms. But how stupendous would be the spectacle if his mighty form should move in heaven, with human purpose—with a shining arc of a star if he waved his hand—the sparkle of suns for bullion when he shook his unapparent cloak—the rapid maze of fiery lines if his hurrying feet should tread the horizon. We should have the suggestion of an intelligent energy—such as moves us to our poor affairs—without the scope of its direction; the naked blaze of the eye without the comment of its working brow—the individuality even of gait, bereft of evidence of foot or limb. The impalpable sinews of gravitation alone may knit that unshadowed frame. Legend and argument may be consumed from that vivid punctuation.

Sir Francis saw such a vision shaking before him in the cloud. Vacant points of light—large or small, near or far, who could tell?—each blurred with a little halo of illuminated haze, and grouped together without a trace of system—trooped past him at his own level, hovered shaking in undefined space, sped rapidly away in meaningless escape. Although his ears were full of crashes and ringings, he believed the portent gave noise, and its size—if it was of heaven Orion is not so vast, if nearer, a hand might cover the vision; and the lights never transgressed what he kept excitedly fancying—whether from the motion or his own disposition to humanize any intelligent revelation—might be the bounding lines of a man's figure. So strong was the impression of flight and fear, that the baronet as he stared was fain to conjure up a blank and unbodied shadow of a hunter to inspire this haunted anguish; and while the pallid pursuer gathered body in his thoughts, the two shapes—the real and phantasmal, if such a distinction could be made—merged and died, and the returning presence of the fog closed upon his face like the dank wing of a vampire.

Before long, to his joy, he noticed that the vertical baldric played and shifted, like the snakes and spikes, while the dim level streak was fixed. To this then he clung, with almost the desperation of a drowning man to a plank, and rejoiced to find it, after elongating and contracting into every shape his excited imagination could give it, a crescent and genuine harbinger of day. The false torches died, the shapes of rocks he had fancied beneath him changed to others totally dissimilar, but permanent, and he stood on an island as large as himself in a devouring chaos of nothingness. Such might a diver find the bottom of the sea.

The heavy copper stain enlarged upon the mist, and by imperceptible degrees he could see more and more around him. He saw half-formed monsters of vapor crawling among the stones, reaching out uncertain arms to points ahead, winding those arms slowly about them, and dragging themselves along. These shreds of animation were without the least tinge of color of any sort. They had unpleasant powers of elongating a neck or other member to extremes of attenuation quite inconceivable, and they lost their limbs and gave them to other creatures as tails without any ceremony whatever. Although they appeared plainest between the rocks, an examination of the thick air showed it swarming with others of the same brotherhood, spilling their shapeless heads from strangely producible dewlaps, balancing and rising, or dully separating themselves into a Medusa-like mass.

The whole caldron into which nature was resolved teemed with these uncertain creations,

so that an unimaginative man like Sir Francis, transplanted to so unusual a scene, instantly possessed a cloud of fantasies more grotesque than opium or the finest frenzy of poet could hope to create. Tired of the sluggish and aimless movements of the fog, he examined the ground, all pallid and ashy with frost, for some definite indication of a path, if anything so hopeful might be reserved for him. Everything hopeful, however, was solidly denied by the dumb Nature who had made this night of all nights an asphyxia without a witness or a sign.

She must have laughed in her secrecy to see this, her brave son, a man of native energy and courage, go sighing among the monstrous boulders, sad and already tired, unable to form a purpose, or even a decided wish. With what gladness, then, did he presently welcome a positive mark, where a human foot and nothing else had scraped away the pale crystallization, and find it connected with others that indicated a definite course over the stones. Somebody has been out for me, was his first thought: if I follow his steps I shall come upon him, or upon the house. What an absurd fright I have been in. I will not bawl and receive a chorus of jeers and laughter. I will follow it cautiously, and if I go carefully enough I cannot possibly err.

He did follow it cautiously, going carefully, for forty steps, and saw ahead of him a mighty wall, of immense height, and put out his hand and touched it, and knew the House of Clouds, suddenly shrinking in his mind to its own low proportions; and tracing again the track with a growing wonder, found it spring immediately from under a window, and looking in, saw the poet on the floor, who did not answer when he spoke.

In a minute he was in the cell, which he found stuffed full of the heavy cloud. It was much larger than his own; the bed, from which the limp covers hung like rigid folds of metal, was different from his, and it held, in a dark pool, an iron tenant, a bootjack. And bent over it, stretching along the floor, was the quiet figure of his friend, all streaming red: the left shoulder perseveringly hacked and scored with razor-strokes, and the shield-arm, that would never be lifted more in defense or fray, mangled and beaten quite out of recognition.

His first impulse was to shout for help, but he was not a fool, and he corrected it.

"I must be strangely agitated to think of such a thing. It will be judicious to spend twenty seconds in composing myself."

And he sat down on the wet bed and beat a score upon his fingers, with closed eyes, in the terrible silence. Only once did the figure, as he had seen it last, mad with fantastic life, go leaping through the fog with a hand on its bleeding breast: thoughts more to the purpose soon gained the ascendancy, and at twenty he shook all his proper decisiveness upon him like mail, and started up, a practical Englishman, full of resource and ability.

Waves upon waves of light rapidly multiplied through the little window; for the cloud was fast settling down toward the valley, and its thin upper edges were penetrated with the sun.

As the baronet alertly looked about him, he observed a sponge near the bolster; taking it up, he found it still retaining the faintest sweet-scent of chloroform. The deed then was rather recent. Stepping shivering over the lifeless form, he was at the window, the sill of which was strewn with frost so thick as to resemble a drift of snow: upon this white tablet he saw the smear of his own leg, in his floundering efforts to enter the room; but, besides this, preserved with miraculous care, near the jamb, was the seal of another foot—every peg around the sole perfect, like some fossil intaglios. With a hasty instinct he made use of the bootjack to preserve it from the sun; and these few motions of his, taken with the rapidity of thought, were scarcely accomplished, when a knock came at the door, and a voice asked:

"Is the gentleman nearly done with my room?"

"One moment," said the baronet, recognizing the accent; and, hastily concealing the body with the covers, he admitted the guide.

Not without a little surliness the young fellow, who had slept on the parlor floor all night, asked the great cuckoo of his nest if he might get his razors. Sir Francis hastily fastened the door behind him, asked if he knew how to keep quiet when he was scared, lifted the humid sheet and revealed the tragedy.

It might have been that the youth had never seen a corpse, for a bewildered look of terror and anguish came to his face, and he burst out with a great sob.

"You can do something more useful than crying," said his companion, shortly. "I want your help. There's a thing or two can be done best before the house is roused. In the first place, give me your boot."

The stripping checked his emotion and drew off the boot, which the baronet carried to the case-mantel.

"No match," he said, curtly; the size, the enormous nails, and all the outline of the guide's footprint, as he laid it beside the other, being entirely different from that of the brogan so delicately engraved in the frost.

"Well, I'm not very suspicious of you. Now listen. This mark in the window may prove the most valuable evidence we can find. Don't you let it be wasted for a thousand pounds. Pry off the sill quietly, and take it to the cellar, if there is one, or any cool place, and set a box over it. That's your work. Is the sandy gentleman about? Don't answer loud."

"The picture-taker? Yes."

"You make him take a photograph of this; to a scale he can measure. I'm going in to get dressed. I won't be a minute. Meantime, you are to get the girl to call my niece, quietly. She's an excellent nurse, which I'm not, and a brave child. She will take care of the body: it's warm yet, I find, and it's of course possible that this may be six death and half-a-dozen chloroform. Now be quick, and don't dare to forget a thing I've told you, and be ready again in five minutes, for I've

got to get the men up and all after you on the track before the sun melts it."

Immediately afterward the little chamber was deserted, the house as quiet as ever, and the early sun, shaking away the tangled fog, looked brilliantly in at the little window, throwing a square shield of gold upon the poor shoulder that was so helpless and so still.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—FASTENING OFF.

ABOUT this point the sagacious reader naturally pauses, saying: "I am used to this sort of thing; I needn't go any further; I see now how it is going to come out; let us turn over to something else." For the reporters of the press have acquired, without knowing it, a power of expression a little beyond what they desire; a sort of tell-tale manner, from which practiced ears can detect in the first few sentences whether it is a Heart-Rending Casualty or an Astounding Defalcation their sympathies are solicited to thrill to. You, for instance, engaged with these pages, have already officiated in advance with all your proverbial "gentleness," at one wedding at least, and a funeral, whose respective trains have oozed quietly through your imagination at the same time, without jostling. And we feel till we get nervous about it that you are a knowing one, that we shall have to play you very cautiously, yet decisively, or we shall never get you to the end of our line at last. Full of this important sense, our powers rally around us with wary generalship. We are determined, if the thing can be done, to "worry you through." We have established a police upon our words, with instructions to detain every one whose business is not clearly manifest, and to be all the time pegging at the others to "move on there." Now don't leave us in the lurch just in this nick; we are going to be short. Indeed, terseness is, and has been for some time, the primary motive in which we are endeavoring to train our style. Let alone its inherent advantages, there is a peculiar necessity as regards ourselves for giving the reader as much substance with as little writing as possible: not to plague you with much personal detail, we may explain that penmanship is fatiguing to us, a bad accident received a year or so ago having deprived us of our left arm, whose empty cuff is attached to our breast in a style which our friends are pleased to find suggestive of that great hero with the soft boy's heart—Horatio of the Nile. Let us waste no time with these undesired confidences, however, but get to work to shorten our last chapter as rapidly as possible. Now we are ready for acting, if you are. Here lie our quires, cut into strips for us by a friendly hand. In a moment we will have the last leaf studded down on the sheet of cork which veneers our desk-lid. Alas! for our hurry, the paper has all got mixed—do one-armed men never succeed in keeping their desks orderly?—What was the last? "Ah, *Psych*, ah, *truest Constance!*"—dear me, we hope it wasn't observed, the wrong sheet entirely, but the lord of misrule is in the foolscap! If we can ever get a clean page fastened down smooth, and that imaginary left hand of ours to quit teasing an ideal electric eel, and our endless legs comfortable under the desk, we will try to write down in plain words everything you—ought to—care to know.

With the exception of the photographer, who remained behind in a Turkish bath of nitric fumes, and the victim of the tragedy, and the taciturn stranger, all the men who have appeared in the narrative, left the House of Clouds together in the thin, clear light of the new day. They were provided with wrappings against the cold, and tackle and other implements for the search. The vast Dome, with ice in the chinks of its rocks, was now bared to the unclouded sun; but below, the boundless banks of exquisite mist, firmer than down, yet tenderer than snow, and as white as either, were laid in level drifts to the extreme horizon; nothing in the faintest degree indicative of a world under this radiant firmament floor came up to the eye. But the pedestrians gave little heed to the lovely distance. They followed attentively the scrutiny of the guide, who went ahead, with his falcon eye awake, and his springy figure strong. They hurried, for the sun was eating the hoarfrost from the rocks before their eyes. The path was plain from beneath the fatal window, broad with the accumulated steps of the assassin and the baronet. Soon these last were lost, and caught again rounding off toward the parlor door, at no time three yards distant from the house. The trail, left single, went straight on for a hundred yards, with singularly regular spaces over the rugged stones, as if convenient foothold was never asked for in the fugitive's distract ed haste. The prints, then, with traces of blood on the asperities, went around in a wide detour, and soon began to shift and double and multiply themselves upon themselves in mazes, and once they crossed at right angles the path that led safely to the valley. After many purposeless distractions, they settled at a place where there was quite a little plaster of congealed blood upon the stone, and from thence, with longer distances between them, they flung themselves with abandoned energy into a line that pointed as straight as an arrow to the heartless portals of Throckmorton's Ravine.

Before the party arrived there, the trail they followed resolved itself into invisible mist, and went off coquettishly with the sun. Like the Indian girl in Schoolcraft's exquisite legend, who saw the phantom of her snowy lover dissolve in the light, they chased a mocking guide; but so clearly had its direction been indicated, that they held, like her, the melancholy search long after every sign had vanished from the eye. One indication reassured them. A pair of stout boots, too dry and too little torn to have been recently worn, were hiding clumsily behind a rock; they seemed to have been ultimately rejected when a burden in the hand became inconvenient, ultimately rejected when the conscious silence of the night made the thought of his footfalls unendurable to

the guilty man, and bleeding steps a light trouble in comparison.

Soon they approached the brow, and found the ravine a well of rolling mist. Examining narrowly, they detected a smirch of blood upon the brink. And near that point the guide, hanging himself to a rope which the landlord paid out, swung lightly off, and dropped like a beautiful lamp into the densely seething fog, to search its secrets with illumination and discovery.

Losing his figure in the opaque mist, they could only watch the rope sliding down into nothingness. He hailed them from time to time, and at last, when the line was almost exhausted, he called out that he had found the body.

"It's wedged fast," he shouted, hoarse and breathless. "I can't get it out alone."

"Come back," shouted Sir Francis, in return. "Bring his clothes and cap, if you can."

Presently he reappeared, helping himself nimbly along by the line. Some shreds of a coat, bloody, and chilly-wet, and smeared and spotted with a stuff they did not recognize, were strapped to his waist. One pocket was preserved; it contained a little portable case for manufacturers' samples, and a razor that they could scarcely open, so gummed it was with stiffened blood.

No matter for the haunted suspense of those who staid behind. The photographer prepared his picture—not a very proud success as a work of art, but conclusive of its purpose. For when they came back with their scanty trophies, he set his instrument outside the house, with his glass footprint in the camera; and trying one of the boots, he could make nothing of it, and trying the other, he cautiously brought its image into focus upon the picture; and the vision lay upon it like an engraved plate upon its imprint, every little dent and scratch and peg and nail coinciding—in unimpeachable and damning evidence of identity between the sole and the seal upon the sill.

The mountains stand and scoff at mortal tragedy and incident. They do not care for their own rocks and cones. Death upon their crests—the diabolical agony of a murderer catching as he falls down their rugged wrinkles—a vision of paradise in the sweet human love that may play like a singing breeze over their ridges, and the heaven-like puissance of a climbing woer—they all pass like the wavings of cloud-shadows down from their unsympathizing majesty—into the valleys, where Nature does seem to care a little for her boys and girls, and saves a special sort of grass for the pathways that they shall tread by moonlight, and another sort for graves.

So, this party of fine ladies and gentlemen goes down into the cloud, and vanishes from sight, as the last did, as another will do-morrow. They called themselves gods, and the dynasties of the sky endured it. They will get safely back to their lap-dog, and agitate their noble fellow-creatures with their descriptions and their impressions and their relics. The universe of day, where earth leaps up to kiss the footstool of Light, can spare them. A baronet, more or less, is no great matter; and as for an author, live he or die he—why, they are dying every day, and for every one that dies, two new ones spring up, and the breed swarms.

But the maiden—has the Mountain no care for its Oread?

Grand and holy it seems to her in the sunset of this mysterious day—transfigured—with a veil of rose-light falling close upon its awful face. She is standing alone, looking away westward, thinking of her lover in the underworld, and how in his fancy its illuminated purple brows wear her as the apple of the eye—her for expression and idea—glazed all and dim if she rest not there in her hope and her beauty. The evening is perfect, and she stays long and thinks—glad that no company has intruded to-day, bringing her the undesired society of the alternate guide. She stays until she knows he is folded in gathered darkness, delighted to dream that for his sweetheart a longer day still bends the radiance around her head; and in such reverie the sky fades, and an added silence seems to gather upon the silence that was already absolute.

What is that, that startles her like a sound?

A little glow-worm star, a few paces from her, beginning to glimmer among the rocks. Approaching, it proves to proceed from a tiny pool in a granite dent, where a little saturated chip is floating and bearing a fuming coal of yellow-white wax. Looking earnestly around into the obscurity, another spark is impressed upon her eye, with a sense of having dwelt there some moments unnoticed, like a star in the twilight. It is resolved into a float like the first, with a glowing freight, and she bends over it a minute in wonder, looking like the wistful girl who drops her fairy-light upon the Ganges. And here she sees another still ahead.

Afraid to pursue the elfin train alone, she calls the landlord; and they are led together from flickering point to point, till they find a rude cavern near the base of the Dome, where is secreted a loaf of bread, and an old seidlitz-powder box that has held a composition of phosphorus and oil, kneaded to a paste, whose traces still glimmer around its sides.

"Let us get the coat."

It was produced, in the "darkness visible" of evening. Where the uncomprehended spots had been were holes to-night, from whose cankered edges "the elfish light fell off in hoary flakes."

As the girl, whose bad lover had kindled all the malevolent lamps for the feet of his wickedness, stood regarding them, the evidence of deliberate calculation made the villain's deed seem so horribly worse that she shuddered. A loathsome picture of him came before her, busy at his evil work—pinching off bits of the phosphorus for his little boats—mowing and mumbling as he sat—now dabbling his hands for safety in water, now wiping the stuff from them, in unclean fashion, upon his sleeves and legs. Unable to endure the suggestions of the miserable souvenir, she had them all collected and bound together—lattered

fustian and smoky salve—and cast away at the best reach of a man's arm, to exterminate each other among the flints.

The night wore and a new day dawned, a day that should complete the Romance of the House of Clouds. With the broadening light her mountain approaches, followed by sturdy assistance, to lay a silent burden at her feet. It is the man who had wasted upon her a life of unhallowed love, now harmless at last—the bad breath beaten from his form, but his worthless body carefully embalmed among the snows of Throckmorton's Ravine. It touches her inexpressibly to see her hero bearing the weight with a sort of awe-struck tenderness upon him, not shrinking from the fulsome touch, but suffering the hands that had meant him harm to glide and fall embracingly over his shoulders.

A heap of stones, such as used to grow over the victims of the dreadful Jewish law, was piled upon the clay. The guilt was nailed upon the perpetrator, his monument of stone not hewn with hands erected upon him, and the rugged Justice of the Hills appealed.

The wonderful conjecture of circumstances, that had served the murderer by taking away the only waking inmate of the lodge during the performance of his dark deed, had straightway flaunted him within a few feet of this witness in the masquerade of an ignis-fatua. Had saved the guide, by a traveler's freak that had twirled him into the wrong room, and a traveler's selfishness that kept him there, with the usual "look out for number one," in better bed than his own. Had pieced the details of the plot so nicely, that a sufficient number of minutes for poor Arion to compose himself to sleep after his gymnasticfeat had hardly elapsed before the guide sought his preoccupied apartment, after a midnight engagement that neither he nor the Oread ever explained; and finally, after helping the wretch to his condemnation, had caught away his miserable safeguards, had blinded his beacons that were to point out a retreat, and scourged him, desperate, through the wilderness of cloud to his Tarpeian Rock of execution. Human forethought and jurisprudence might well be spared from the lofty government of the mountain-top. When the live silent thunder of Providence busies itself among the peaks—lighting here a victim in the path of its appointment, and striking another there, we may well stand aside from the mighty game, and descend to the level where our capacity is effective.

No wonder that the mountain seemed colder now than ever, further erected over human sympathy and interest. No wonder the maiden shrunk from the lonely paths which the maniac ghost of her tormentor appeared to haunt. No wonder her lover gave his fond commands: You shall stay no longer—and I too, I will go. I will not dance for ever before the idle feet of fashion in the toils that lead to no result. There are shores across the western water that cradle a nation of eager youth like my own, and starting to-day into the magnificent attitude of the baby who strained the poor life of the serpents from between his careless fingers. The hour of energy that may alarm other emigrants has charms for me. I will pluck the plow-handles from the furrow where the Buckeye boy has left them—and you shall comfort his weeping mistress. You could comfort Rachel.

"And on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold,  
And far across the hills they went,  
In that new world which is the old.

"Across the hills, and far away,  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
And deep into the dying day—  
Through all the world she followed him."

### GOODMAN MISERY.

PETER and Paul met in a village on a certain day, when the rain was falling in torrents. They were wet to the skin. They were both in quest of a lodging for the night, but could find none. A rich man—one Richard—had turned them from his gates, bidding them remember that his house was not a public wine-shop, when a poor woman, who was washing linen in a brook, took pity on them and led them to her neighbor, the Goodman Misery. How much more considerate was the poor washerwoman than Richard with his closed gates; for, having befooled herself on the way that old Misery would probably have naught wherewith to break the fast and slake the thirst of his guests, she provided herself with some cooked fish, a big loaf, and a pitcher of Susa wine. Peter and Paul ate with a will. The hungry man tastes the sweetest viands. But sad was the case when the meal was at an end. Goodman Misery was so poor that he had no bed to offer them, save the straw upon which he usually rested his own aching limbs. The two travelers were, however, too considerate to accept it. They elected to sit up, and, by way of passing the time, suggested that Misery should tell his story to them. The Goodman consented, for it was a short and not a very eventful one. The most he had to tell was, that a thief had stripped his pear-tree, the fruit of which was nearly all he had to depend upon for his wretched living. He would have gladly shared the fruit with them, had he not suffered this cruel robbery.

Touched by his distress, Peter and Paul told Goodman Misery that they would pray to Heaven for him. And one of them considerably added, if he, Goodman Misery, had any particular desire, would he mention it? The Goodman desired no more from the Lord than that any man who might climb his pear-tree should be fixed in it, and immovable, until he, Goodman Misery, willed that he should descend from it.

On the very day which saw the retreating figures of Peter and Paul, while Misery was gone to fetch a pitcher of water, the same thief who had

stolen his finest peas returned to the tree. Goodman Misery, having set down his pitcher, perceived the rascal immovable amid the branches.

"Rascal, I have got you, have I?" Misery shouted; and then, aside, and in a low voice to himself: "Heaven! who, then, were my guests last night? This time you will need to be in no hurry to pick my pears; but let me tell you that you will pay a heavy price for them in the torments you will have to endure at my hands. To begin with, all the town shall see you in your present plight. Then I will light a roaring fire under my tree, and smoke and dry you like a Mayence ham."

Goodman Misery having departed in quest of firewood to smoke and dry the thief like a Mayence ham, the culprit cried lustily until he attracted two of the Goodman's neighbors. Yielding to the prayers of the thief, these two honest folk climbed the tree to rescue their fellow-creature, whereupon they discovered that they, too, were fixed to the branches. The three had been left in company just seventeen hours and a half when Goodman Misery returned with a bag of bread and a goodly fogat upon his head. He was terrified to find three men settled in his pear tree.

"Come, come," he cried, "the fair will be a good one with so many customers. And pray, what did you two new-comers want here? Couldn't you ask me for a few pears, and not come in my absence to steal them?"

"We are no thieves," they replied. "We are charitable neighbors, who came to help a man whose lamentations smote us to the heart. When we want pears, we buy them in the market; there are plenty without yours."

"If what you say be true," said Misery, "you want nothing in my tree, and may come down as soon as you please; the punishment is for thieves only."

Whereupon the two neighbors found themselves free, and quickly regained the ground; but the thief continued fixed to the branches, in a pitiable condition after his long imprisonment; and the neighbors stood astonished at the power of the Goodman. They begged hard that Misery would take pity even on the thief, who had endured torture for many hours. The rascal prayed hard also, crying, "I'll pay any sum, but in the name of God, let me come down. I am enduring tortures!"

At this word Misery permitted himself to be mollified. He told the thief, in releasing him, that he would forget his crime and forgive it. To show that he had a generous heart, and that self had never dictated any of the actions of his life, he would make him a present of the fruit he had stolen. He would be released from bondage in the tree, on the condition that he would take an oath never to climb it again, and that he would never come within one hundred feet of it while the pears were ripe.

"May a hundred devils seize me," said the thief, "if I ever come within a league of it again while I live!"

"That is enough," said the Goodman. "Come down, neighbor; you are free, but never return, if you please."

The thief was so stiff and swollen in his limbs, that poor old Misery had to help him down with a ladder; for nothing would persuade the neighbors to approach the tree a second time. The adventure made a great noise in the neighborhood, and thenceforth Misery's pears were respected scrupulously.

But Goodman Misery was old, and his strength was waning daily. He was content with the fruit of his pear tree, but it was meagre fare that contented him. One day a knock was made at his door. He threw the door open, and beheld a visitor whom he had long expected, but whom he did not imagine to be quite so near his poor hearth. It was Death, who, on his rounds, had stopped aside to tell him that his hour was near.

"Be welcome," said the Goodman, without flinching a muscle, and looking steadfastly at him as one who did not fear him. Misery had taught on his conscience, though he had lived with very little on his back. Death was surprised to find himself so well received.

"What!" cried Death, "thou hast no fear of me? No fear of Death, at whose look the strongest tremble, from the shepherd to the king?"

"No; I have no dread of your presence," Misery said. "What pleasure have I in this life? If anything in this world could give me a regret, it would be that of parting from my pear tree, which has fed me through so many years. But you must be settled with, and you brook no delays nor subterfuges when you beckon. All I will ask and beg you to grant me before I die is, that I may eat one more of my pears in your presence. Afterward I shall be ready."

"Thy wish is too modest a wish to be refused," said Death.

Misery crept forth into his yard, Death following closely on his heels. The Goodman shuffled many times round his beloved tree, seeing the finest pear. At length having selected a magnificent one:

"There," he said, "I choose that one; I pray you lend me your scythe to cut it down."

"This instrument is never lent," quoth Death. "No good soldier permits himself to be disarmed. But it seems to me it would be better to pluck your pear with the hand. It would be bruised after a fall. Climb into the tree."

"A good idea," said Misery. "If I had the strength, I would climb; but don't you see I can hardly stand?"

"Well," Death answered, "I will afford this service. I will climb the tree myself."

Death climbed the pear tree, and plucked the fruit which Misery coveted so ardently; but was astonished when he found it impossible to regain the ground.

"Goodman Misery," said Death, "tell me what kind of a tree is this?"

"Cannot you see that it is a pear tree?"

"Yes, yes; but how is it that I can move neither hand or foot upon it?"

"I faith, that's your business," Goodman Misery answered.

"What, Goodman! You dare to play a trick upon me, at whose nod all the world trembles? Do you know the risks you are running?"

"I am very sorry," was Misery's cool answer. "But what have you risked yourself in coming to disturb the peace of an unfortunate who never did you harm in his life? What fantastic notion led you to me? You have the time to reflect, however; and since I have you now under my thumb, I will do a little good to the poor world, that you have held in bondage for so many centuries. No! Without the help of a miracle, you will not get out of that tree, until I please to permit you."

Death, who had never found himself in such a plight, saw that he had to deal with some supernatural power.

"Goodman Misery," he pleaded, "I deserve this for having been too amiable toward you. But don't abuse the power which the All-Powerful has given you, for an instant, over me. Make no further opposition, I pray you, to the decrees of Heaven. Consent that I shall descend the tree at once, or I will blast it unto death."

"Blast it," Misery answered, "and I protest to you, by all that is most sacred in the world, dead as my tree may be, it will hold you until you get free from it by God's will."

"I perceive," Death went on, "that I entered an unfortunate house for myself to-day. But come, come, Goodman Misery. I have business in the four quarters of the world, and it must be all ended before sundown. Do you wish to arrest the course of nature? If I were to make my way out of this predicament, you might feel it sharply."

"Nay," said Misery, "I fear nothing. Every man who is above the fear of Death is beyond any threats. Your menaces have no effect on me. I am always ready to start for the next world when the Lord shall summon me."

"Very fine sentiments, Goodman Misery! Thou mayest boast, Goodman, of being the first in this life who has gotten the better of Death. Heaven commands me that with thy consent I leave thee, to return to thee only on the last day of judgment, when I shall have completed my great work, and man shall be no more. You shall see the end, I promise you; so now, without hesitation, allow me to come down, or let me fly away. A queen is waiting for me, five hundred leagues away."

"Ought I to believe you? Or is it only to betray me that you speak thus to me?"

"No, never shalt thou see me again until all nature is desolation. The last stroke of my scythe shall fall upon thee. The edicts of Death are irrevocable. Dost thou hear me, Goodman?"

"Yes, I hear; and I believe in thy words. Come down when it shall please thee."

At this Death swept through the air, and disappeared from the sight of Misery. The Goodman has never heard of Death since, although he has often been told of his presence in his neighborhood, almost next door; so that Misery has lived to a wonderful age, and still dwells in rags near his pear tree. And, according to the solemn promise of Death, Misery lives till the world shall be no more.

Upon hawkers' shoulders for centuries past has this legend of the words of Scripture, that poverty shall never cease from out the land, been borne through the villages of France. A learned Frenchman surmises that the Goodman was a French child stolen away into Italy, there re-dressed, and thence escaped home into France. Goodman Misery, in any case, has had his chief travels in France. Millions of copies, describing his interviews with Peter and Paul, the thief, and Death, have been sold by hawkers among the road-side cabins of France.

**HOW TO KEEP COOL.**—In these hot days a cool apartment is a real luxury, a luxury to be had rather than most suppose possible. The secret consists, not in letting in cool air, for naturally all do that whenever they have the chance, but in keeping out hot air. If the air outside a room or house be cooler than the air inside, let it in by all means; but if it be hotter, carefully keep it out. A staircase window left open during the night, will often cool the passages of a house, and the rooms, too, if their doors be not shut; but it must be closed at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, or if on the sunny side, at four or five o'clock, and the blinds drawn down. The mistake people generally make is to throw open their windows at all hours of the day, no matter whether the atmosphere outside be cool or scorching. "Let us have some air," they say, and in comes the treacherous breeze—for even hot air is pleasant while it is gently blowing—taking away perspiration and thereby cooling the skin; but the apartment is made warmer instead of cooler, and as soon as they move out of the draft, they find their room to be more uncomfortable than before. Let in cool air; keep out hot; that is the only formula to insure the minimum of discomfort. Sitting-rooms may generally be kept cool during the whole day, if the doors be only opened for ingress and egress, and the windows be kept closed and shielded from direct sunshine by a blind. If the atmosphere of a room be impure from any cause, let it be renewed; hot air is less injurious than bad air. If a room be small in comparison with the number of persons engaged in it, free ventilation becomes indispensable. In a cooking apartment the temperature will probably be higher than outside, hence the free admission even of hot air will be desirable. If persons do not object to sit in a direct draft of air, windows and doors may be opened, a breeze being more refreshing, even though several degrees warmer, than still air; but under nearly all other circumstances rooms should be kept closed as much as possible till after sundown, or till the air outside is cooler than that inside. Let in cool air, keep out hot.

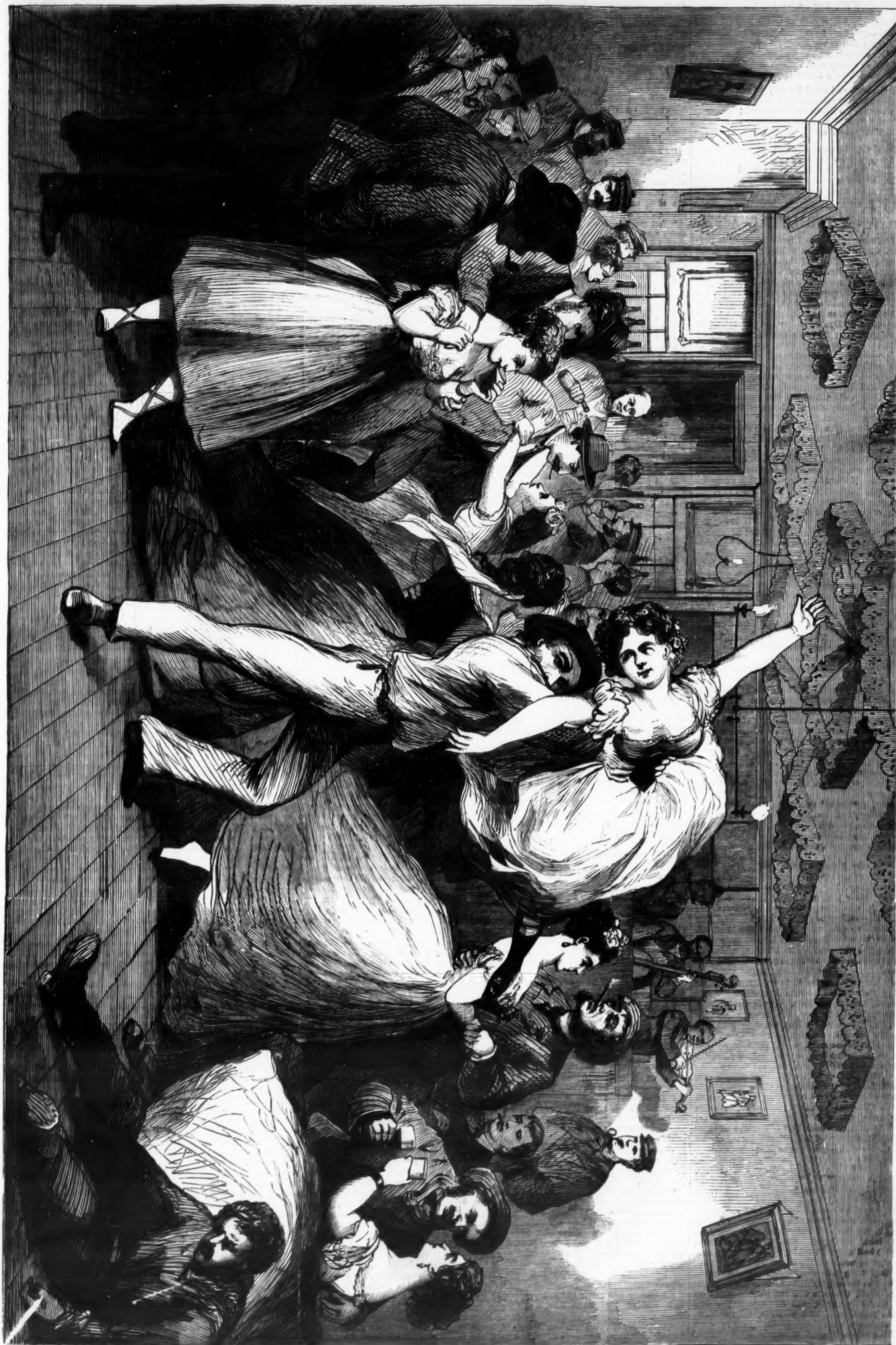
**PRINCE NAPOLEON,** who promises to rival Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler, in the extent of his journeys, said a good thing at Prague the other day. One of the principal residents of that city is a certain Dr. N., well known for his eccentricity. The doctor headed a delegation to the Prince Napoleon on his recent visit, and commenced his harangue by saying: "I had rather address your Imperial Highness in bad French than in good German, and I wish you to understand that I am not here merely for the sake of saying I have spoken to Prince Napoleon." Here the prince interrupted him by saying, laughingly: "I understand perfectly; you have had the kindness to come here in order that I might have the honor of saying I have spoken to Dr. N.—!"



THE NEW YORK LUNATIC ASYLUM, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—THE CROWDED CONDITION OF THE ESTABLISHMENT SCENE IN THE CORRIDOR AT NIGHT.—SEE PAGE 331.



SCENE FROM THE COMIC OPERA OF "BARBE BLEUE," AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 331.



"THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK"—SCENE AT JOHN ALLEN'S DANCE HOUSE, 304 WATER STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 331.

## AFTER A DUEL.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

DEAD—yet I sit in my room,  
As if I had never a care,  
Twisting my sun-bright hair,  
And, though my round cheek lacks its bloom,  
I am fair, as a flower is fair.

He is dead, and dead for me,  
Slain for my sweet smile's sake,  
(Be still, my heart, do not break);  
He was true as a man could be,  
Yet his love I could not take.

Would God this one sin less  
Deepened the wrath to come,  
That the black deed were undone!  
I am sick of my fatal loveliness—  
My curse since life begun.

## THE FIRST AND LAST QUARREL.

"Let's see; I believe I haven't forgotten anything. Clean handkerchief? Yes. Keys? Yes. All right, my dear. Now don't fail to have everything in apple-pie order. I have boasted so much to Wilkins about my wife and her housekeeping talent, that I suspect he has put you on the top shelf of cooks and managers," said Henry Harrison to his wife, as he prepared to go down town to business. "Don't let any one else attend to the salad, Mary; I have often wondered where you learned to mingle condiments so delectably."

"It comes natural, I suppose," replied his wife, to whom this little praise was not unwelcome; but a shade of anxiety was apparent upon the sweet face. Mr. Harrison, busy with his final directions about dinner, did not notice the careworn look; and with a hasty kiss, left her standing by the hall door, still irresolute.

"I wonder if all wives feel as I do about asking for money? I told the butcher to call to-day for the amount of his bill, and now I shall be compelled to disappoint him. If Harry did not look such unutterable things when I ventured to speak of expenses, I should soon conquer this aversion. Phew! I almost wish I had never been married. Butcher's bill, grocer's bill, and nobody knows how many other bills! and they should have been attended to a week ago. If this is connubial felicity, deliver me from any more! I always supposed men made a regular business of attending to such matters; did not leave them for their wives to settle. The idea of expecting a table to be loaded with every delicacy, in season and out of season—every imaginable good thing—to have one's epicurean tastes constantly gratified, and then make a wry face at the expense, shows very little principle, I think."

Mrs. Harrison was exceedingly annoyed; and with good reason. The above private expression of her domestic grievances was in every respect true. Mr. Harrison, before his marriage, had always taken his meals at Delmonico's, or some other equally expensive gastronomic establishment, called for whatever best suited his fitful appetite, paid the required amount, and found no fault; but now his fastidious palate must be tickled with the same luxurious bill of fare; and as it was impossible to do this without a very large expense, the consequence was, that, while our gentleman growled at the steep prices, he utterly refused to have any difference made in the daily programme. On several occasions Mrs. Harrison's requests for money had been met with this query:

"Why, Mary, what on earth do you do with so much money? I don't see that you dress any better than other women."

"Look these bills over, and you will discover," said she, placing the obnoxious documents in his hand.

"Of course, I don't pretend to know anything about prices; but I think the trouble must be here; you don't shop. Now, my mother—I believe 'twas mother; some woman, anyhow—never confined herself to one grocer, but patronized several; noted the difference in prices, and invariably bought where she could purchase the cheapest. Just so with the butchers. If you adopt this method, you will soon see an immense falling off. You see, these fellows charge you just what they please."

Now Mary was a wise little woman, and so far during their twelve months of married life had prudently steered her bark clear of the Scylla of disagreement; but now she foresaw another rock, which, with all her tact and discrimination, bade fair to wreck their domestic happiness. She realized that some arrangement must be entered into, whereby this load of humiliating responsibility should be lifted from her soul; and knowing the weak points of her husband's character, she was fearful that the expression of her determination to establish an entirely new precedent would be the Charybdis of lasting difference. Dinner-time came, and with it Mr. Harrison, and his friend Wilkins, to whom he was anxious to show off the superiority of his establishment. As he had requested, everything was in apple-pie order. There was no incongruity in the arrangement of the different dishes. Everything was orderly, elegant, and *recherché*. Wilkins, from the depths of a full stomach, complimented each viand separately, and all the time wondered how the deuce Harrison could stand such enormous expense, and if this was their regular manner of living? No part of Mary Harrison's education had been neglected. Her parents (sensible people) had not only taken requisite pains with the development of the moral and intellectual, not forgetting all necessary accomplishments, but had so thoroughly drilled her in the domestic department, that she was not only familiar with the *modus operandi*, but could with her own hands make, bake, and preserve, thus keeping the domestic machinery greased and in good working order.

These qualities Mr. Harrison quite appreciated; also, the natural delicacy and sensitiveness of her

disposition, which made it such a dismal duty to speak to him of pecuniary matters. Dinner was over, and the evening sped pleasantly. Song rippled deliciously from the lady's lips, and Wilkins departed with the very idea Harrison intended he should—that he had never before been so agreeably and elegantly entertained.

"Well, Mary, my dear," said Mr. Harrison, after the door had closed upon Wilkins, "I have traveled considerable for a young man, and been a guest at a good many tables, but I must do you the justice to say that I never sat down to more unexceptionable private dinner in my life than you gave us to-day."

"I am glad you were pleased with it, Harry. It certainly cost enough to be good," replied Mrs. Harrison, her fine eyes glistening with the light of a newly awakened will.

"Well, don't let's talk about that to-night; I am tired and sleepy. Port always makes me drowsy."

"You must keep awake awhile, dear, until you and I come to some understanding: For a week past I have neglected to ask you for money to defray necessary household expenses, hoping each day that you would ask for the bills, and obviate the necessity of my speaking at all on the subject. Now here are the documents, and we will look them over together, if you please."

"But I do not please. Pshaw! how disagreeable you are, Mary. I will send you some money to-morrow, and you can go round and attend to them."

"Very well, that will do," said Mary, determining to pursue the subject at any risk. "If you only send me enough."

"I suppose two hundred dollars will answer, won't it?—and leave you a balance for a new dress?"

"Here is the grocer's bill, every item correct—\$225. This is the butcher's,"—producing another disagreeable piece of paper—"from whose establishment we procure not only meat, but all of our fish, poultry, and game—the amount of this is \$195. Gas bill, \$12.50. Ice, \$10. The servants wages are due to-day, making \$35 more; and here is a bill of repairs, \$10—making a total of four hundred and sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

"Mary, have you lost your senses?" said Mr. Harrison, jumping from his chair, sleepiness entirely dispelled. "What? four hundred and sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents! It's a d—d piece of extravagance, that's what it is!"

"Just my views exactly, Harry; but for this 'extravagance' you have only yourself to blame. I could be very much happier on half the amount. I think it not only ridiculous, but very wicked for two young married people to live in this expensive manner."

"Mary Harrison, if you attended to your husband's interests, as other wives do, I should not be made to swallow this—piece of imposition."

Harry was excited, and his choice of language, like many another's, not unexceptionable.

"I suppose I shall be compelled to settle these, but I solemnly swear that I never will be held responsible for any more bills of your contracting while we live together. No, I swear I won't! It would take a millionaire to support such a wife as you are."

Not one word did Mary Harrison utter. Mortification and annoyance had all fled, and in their places was a deep sense of injury, infinitely harder to bear than either of the other. Harry continued his depreciation remarks until entirely exhausted, but was not able to extract another word of explanation, grief, or anger, from his wife. The next morning he proceeded to business before breakfast was served. Mary paid her servants from a private fund of her own, dismissed them, packed up her wardrobe and jewels, and sought her father's house.

With a bursting heart she explained all, and was assured by her loving parent that she had pursued the only course compatible with dignity and self-respect.

Harry came up a little earlier that afternoon to attend to the settlement of the bills. Everything looked strangely silent and forlorn.

Pinned on to the toilet cushion, Harry discovered a little note. He unfolded and read—"Gone for ever!"

"Gone for ever!" he repeated, while the sound of his sepulchral voice in the deserted apartment made him shudder.

"Good heavens! I might have known that a woman of her spirit would never bear such insults as those I showered upon her last night. No home, no wife! deprived of all by my own contemptible temper. She used to love me—can she have ceased to do so entirely? I will try her."

Taking an intimate friend into his confidence, he formed a plan by which he hoped to ascertain if his wife had really conquered all affection. He knew she had gone to her father's. For two or three days our gentleman kept very quiet. He was sufficiently well acquainted with Mary's disposition to know that, now she had determined to remain away from him, ordinary measures would have no effect. One morning, quite early, Mrs. Harrison received a call from Mr. Gleason, a mutual friend.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Harrison, but I have been staying with Harry all night, and have come around to see if you could not send some one from home to take care of him a few hours to-day, until I can procure an experienced nurse. He is ill, and it will make no sort of difference who it is, provided they know enough to administer the medicine properly."

"How long has Harry been ill?" inquired Mary, with blanched cheeks.

"A day or two only; but will you see to this immediately? He is alone now, and here is the key."

"Certainly, Mr. Gleason," replied Mary, trying to appear calm and composed. "Father, Harry is ill; I must go to him! what if he should die? I never should have left him!" and with low

lamentations, Mary hurried off to her former home. What a sight met her gaze. Everything in the elegantly furnished apartment at sixes and sevens; goblets, glasses, preserve-dishes, spoons, daubed up with medicine; and Harry, poor fellow, lying most uncomfortably in the middle of the bed; hair disheveled, bedclothes all awry; in short, everything bearing the unmistakable impress of the reign of slovenly man.

"Mr. Gleason must have had company last night;" as two spittoons, with their corresponding number of cigar stamps, met her critical gaze. "The idea of smoking in the room with an invalid!"

She advanced carefully to the bedside.

"This is a shame!" she moaned. "Women who have no better sense than to act upon impulse, ought to be ashamed of themselves."

With trembling hands she combed back the entangled locks, bathed his face and hands with pure cold water, straightened the bedclothes, looked at the medicine; but having, in her haste and agitation, forgotten directions, this was all she could do.

"Mary, if you could only forgive me! You was all right, and I was all wrong; if you could only forgive me this once!" murmured Harry, without opening his eyes.

"Oh, Harry darling! indeed I do, a thousand times over!" and before she was aware, a pair of strong arms enfolded her, and kisses—we were about to say tears (and we think there were just a few of these, for Harry was thoroughly repentant)—were rained down on the wondering face.

"And you are not sick at all, Harry?" said Mary, after listening to his promises and protestations.

"Only love-sick, darling. This was a ruse to woo you back—and it has succeeded admirably. Tell me again that you forgive the past, and will trust me for the future!"

*And she did.*

The domestic craft has never since suffered accident.

## THE LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN.

"WOULD you like to look at the *Times*, sir? Singular trial that of Risk Allah Bey against the *Daily Telegraph*."

The speaker was a curious little old man, cleanly dressed, cleanly shaved, with short crisp white hair, and a face like a red pippin: such a face as is hardly ever seen out of this country, and even here rarely, save among farmers, gamekeepers, or others who are much in the open air, and at all seasons. This little—for he was very small indeed as to size—this little old gentleman was encountered in a first-class smoking-carriage, on the South-Western Railway.

"Curious trial that before the Lord Chief Justice," continued the old gentleman, as if he wished to promote further conversation. "I was once tried for murder myself," with a pleasant smile. "Yes," said the little old gentleman, "and" (looking pleasanter than ever), "very nearly hung too. I did not get off free. I was sentenced to transportation for life; went through seven years of it; and then they pardoned me for what I had never done."

"You see," said the little old gentleman, smiling more than ever, as the five other smokers in the carriage stared at him: "You see, I was for many years a cattle-merchant in London. My business consisted in receiving from abroad—from Holland, Germany, Normandy, or wherever I could form a connection—oxen, cows, sheep, pigs, some on my own account, others to be sold on commission for correspondents who sent their animals to me for sale. The trade was a profitable one. Every beast sent over on my account was fully insured, so that if it died on its passage I came upon the insurance company. I had very few bad debts; and, taking one thing with another, I may fully have calculated upon realizing at least twenty-five per cent. on my capital every three months. In other words, I got a profit of a hundred per cent. per annum on the money I had invested."

"But with money comes the desire for more. There was a time, before I began to deal in cattle, when I thought myself rich if at the end of a year I had a couple of hundred pounds in bank over and above my expenses for the past twelve months. Now it was otherwise. I lamented that I had not always an idle balance of fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds. I was fond of money for money's sake. I could not make money fast enough for my wishes, in the cattle trade, and therefore determined to do a little in the loan and discounting way."

"It is nearly twenty years ago, and I have gone through a deal of trouble since. My system was never to put too many eggs in one pot—never to lend very much to any single person—but to lend many small amounts to various people. I used to answer the advertisements of tradesmen in difficulties, and, if I found that a borrower had good security to offer, I would lend him perhaps thirty or forty pounds, taking ten pounds for the accommodation for a month, and much more in proportion for longer periods. One of my clients was a printer with a small business, near what was then called the New Road, now Marylebone Road. He had often borrowed twenty, thirty, and once as much as sixty pounds from me, and had always repaid me to the day. The security he gave me was always the same, the joint note of himself and his brother, a grocer up Hackney Way. The name of this borrower was Strange—Edward Strange. He was in a delicate state of health, always suffering from his chest, and in severe winters he used to be laid up for weeks together with a bad cough. He was a widower, without children.

"One day Strange came to me and said that he had a very excellent offer to enter into partnership with a printer, who had been established in business several years. The sum required to be paid for the partnership was three hundred

pounds, and he asked me to advance him that amount upon the security of a policy of insurance for one thousand pounds upon his own life. On inquiry, I found that, years before, Strange had, when a young and healthy man, effected an insurance upon his life for five hundred pounds, and afterward increased it to one thousand pounds. This policy he had always managed to keep up, and still wished that it should not relapse. As it had been running on for nearly twenty years, and as he paid a very small premium, and was now in bad health, the insurance company would have been glad to purchase it back. Therefore, after looking at the affair in every possible way, I came to the conclusion that the security was good, and that I might safely advance the sum of three hundred pounds upon the security of the policy being endorsed over to me. This was done, and I advanced the money. Gentlemen, the worst day's business I ever did in my life,

"In general a creditor sees but little of his debtors, whether they are few or many. The man who owes money generally avoids the individual to whom he owes it. But it happened otherwise with Strange and myself. With the new business that he had bought, he was not expected, nor even wished, by his partner to interfere; and his own indifferent health made it very desirable that he should be as free as possible from the confined air of the close printing rooms. The partnership he had purchased secured him a certain amount of income, which together with what he had besides, allowed him to go about in divers parts of the country, traveling being much recommended by his medical attendant. Knowing that I had to make weekly trips to Harwich, and that I had often to go to Rotterdam in the way of business when looking after cattle, he asked me whether he could be of use to me as a clerk? He asked for no salary, only his actual traveling expenses; and for this he was to keep my accounts, write and copy my letters, and make himself generally useful. The bargain was a good one for both parties. On the one hand my business was increasing every week, and having to knock about a great deal at fairs, and to see a great many dealers, I had no time to look properly after my accounts, which sometimes got rather complicated. On the other hand, Strange had enough to live upon, but not enough to pay traveling expenses with comfort. Having been friends for several years, when we traveled together we always had our meals in common; and in country places, or where the inns were very full, we generally took a double-bedded room between us.

"After a time I found Strange's assistance of such value to me that I was able to increase my connections very materially indeed. Being a shrewd man, he was able at the end of a twelve-month to make purchases and conduct my business as well as I could. This led, naturally enough, to a partnership being formed between us, by the terms of which I was to lend him five hundred pounds to put into the business, of which he was to have a fourth of the net profits. As surety for the five hundred pounds, he insured his life for another thousand. Thus, when we commenced working together as partners, Strange owed me eight hundred pounds, and I held policies of insurance on his life for two thousand pounds.

"Our business trips use I generally to last from a week to a fortnight. Sometimes we were detained at the port to which we had brought the animals, for four or five days, awaiting the means of shipping them to England; for it is not every steamer that will take bullocks, or sheep, or pigs, as cargo. Sometimes one of us would remain in London conducting the sales of such animals as his partner sent him from abroad. And this had happened when the event of which I am now going to tell you took place.

"As Strange could speak French very well, I often sent him alone to the fairs in Normandy and Brittany, nearly always going myself to those in Holland and the north of Germany. It was somewhere about the end of a certain May that he went over to France, intending to remain there about six weeks, and go from one fair to another on a certain round. Three or four consignments of beasts had reached me in London, and the last was to come over in a day or two. My partner had visited all the fairs he intended to go to, and was to join me. I wrote him at Southampton, where he was to land, saying that I would meet him there, take a look at the cattle he had bought, and send some to London, and go with the rest to some of the southern counties, where there was likely to be a market that would suit my book.

"I reached Southampton on the day named, and met Strange. We dined together in the afternoon at a small inn near the docks, and, finding we could not get two bedrooms, engaged a double-bedded room for the night. Then we began to square up accounts, and spent the afternoon seeing how we stood in the matter of money. But something that Strange had done vexed me sorely. He had, in the face of what I had written to him in London to the contrary, paid some two pounds a head more for about thirty or forty beasts than we should ever realize. When I told him how foolishly he had acted, he answered me back that he had done his best, and that he had as much right as I had to speculate with our joint funds. To this I replied that, although he was undoubtedly a partner in the concern, it was I who had put in all the capital, and that he had only an interest of twenty-five per cent. in the profits.

"His rejoinder I remember well. He said that if he died I would get all the money he owed me, and more. To this I retorted in a passion, that I knew it, and that I did not care how soon he died.

"All this wrangling took place in the coffee-room of the inn, before the girl who waited on us, the cook of the house, the barmaid, the landlady, and the landlady's husband. The latter, when he saw we were getting angry, tried to make friends between us, but in vain. We were each annoyed

at what the other had said, as well as at our own folly, and neither would be the first to say he was sorry for what had passed.

"About six o'clock I took up my hat and went to see some friends in the town. When I got back it was past eleven o'clock, and Strange, the housemaid told me, had been in bed and asleep more than an hour. I paid my share of the bill, for I intended starting early, went up-stairs, found Strange fast asleep, and went to bed myself. Next morning I was called at five, packed my bag, swallowed a cup of coffee, and in half an hour was on my way to London. On leaving the inn I told the porter that my companion was asleep, and that, as he was only going by the ten o'clock coach to Brighton, they need not call him yet. I should not forget to tell you that while I was dressing in the morning, Strange awoke, and that we shook hands over our dispute of the previous day. We moreover agreed to change our plans and Strange was to meet me in London on the next day. As I was closing my carpet-bag, he asked me to lend him one of my razors: a thing which I had the greatest objection to (for if I am particular about anything I possess, it is about my razors), but having only just made up my difference with him, I could hardly refuse him so small a favor.

"The days I am writing of were before railways had extended to Southampton. Leaving the latter place at half-past five in the morning, it was half-past six in the evening before I got in town. I went to bed, got up next day, and, while I was sitting at breakfast with my wife, our servant told me that two gentlemen wished to speak to me. I went down to see them, and before I could open my mouth to ask them what they wanted, found myself with handcuffs on, arrested for the murder of Edward Strange.

"It seems that, finding Strange did not come down by half-past nine, the porter went up to call him. He found the door locked, but no key in it. After knocking some time on the outside, the door was broken open, and poor Strange was found, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and a razor in his hand. The key of the door was afterward found in the coffee-room, under the very bench on which I had sat to drink my cup of coffee before starting.

"I was brought before the magistrate at Bow street the next morning, and was by him sent down to Southampton to await the result of the coroner's inquest upon my partner. The verdict was willful murder, and, after commitment by the magistrate to the sessions, I was put on trial for my life at Winchester.

"The trial lasted only a few hours. It was fully proved that Strange and myself had quarreled and had high words the night before, and that I had said I did not care how soon he died, so that I could recover the money I had lent him. A great deal was made of the fact that by Strange's death I should be entitled to the insurance upon his life to the amount of two thousand pounds, by which I should be a clear gainer of one thousand two hundred. It was further shown that the razor found in poor Strange's hand was mine, and three medical men declared their conviction that, although that instrument was undoubtedly used to kill the dead man, it must have been placed in his hands after death. Moreover, there were not only evident marks of a struggle about the bed and bedclothes, but Strange's throat was cut from right to left, which no one could have done unless he had been a left-handed man, which Strange was not. Then, again, the fact of the bedroom door being locked, and the key hid close to where I had breakfasted, told fearfully against me.

"It was clear that Strange could not by any possibility have cut his own throat and then locked the door of his room on the outside. It was attempted by my counsel to throw discredit upon this part of the evidence. The learned gentleman tried very hard to elicit something which might lead the jury to imagine that the door had been locked after the murder, and that some person unknown had unknowingly let the key drop in the coffee-room. But it was of no avail whatever. It was clearly proved that the key had been inside the door when I went up to bed, and that it had never been seen again until it was found in the coffee-room. My defense tried hard to make out that some person likely to commit the murder might have been in the house on that day, but all of no use. As the trial went on, even I, who knew my innocence, could not help allowing to myself that the evidence, though purely circumstantial, was very strong against me. The only points in my favor were that, on the day of the murder I was supposed to have committed, I traveled up to London, and had not the least appearance of a man who had anything on his mind. Again, Strange was known to have had on his person a gold watch, and a purse containing a few sovereigns and twenty-five pound notes, the numbers of which latter were ascertained at the bank at Southampton, where he had procured them in exchange for a bank-post bill. The watch had been taken, and was never traced; the sovereigns had also disappeared; but the bank-notes had been exchanged at the Bank of England on the day after the murder, and before I, as I fully proved, had any communication whatever with any one in London. Of this last point my counsel made the most, but did not help me much, if anything. The jury retired, and, after deliberating about half an hour, returned into court and declared, through their foreman, that I was guilty of the willful murder of Edward Strange.

"Gentlemen, a man who has gone through that ordeal—who has heard the jury pronounce him guilty of capital crime, and heard the judge pass sentence of death upon him—a man, I say, gentlemen, who has gone through that ordeal, and still lives to tell the tale, may (or am I presumptuous?) be looked upon as a man who has really gone through what, in these days, would be called a sensational time. I heard every word the foreman of the jury said, and found myself wonder-

ing what the judge's black cap—of which every one has heard, but few have seen—would be like. Then I was in a kind of dream for a time, until I heard the words condemning me to be hanged by the neck until I was dead. A sensational effect upon me, gentlemen, or am I presumptuous? And will you favor me, sir, with a light?

"In spite of appearances," said this little old gentleman, smoking with exceeding relish, "my friends did not believe me to be guilty of the fearful crime for which I was to be hanged by the neck until I was dead. A sensational effect upon me, gentlemen, or am I presumptuous? And will you favor me, sir, with a light?"

"This matter is one in which none of our citizens can fail to have an interest, and it is also one that calls loudly for relief. Sooner or later some movement must be made to provide proper facilities for the treatment of lunatics. The Commissioners, we are satisfied, have done, and are still doing, all in their power to remedy the evil, but the authority to order a substantial and necessary improvement is invested in another body. The public voice should approve the requisite expenditure, and authorize the Legislature to make the appropriation.

No medical treatment can possibly combat lunacy with any hope of success with such an obstacle as want of space rising boldly at every step. Modern hospitals, and buildings of a similar nature, are constructed in a manner that will allow at least 1,000 cubic feet of air to each inmate. In our Lunatic Asylum, in its present condition, we doubt if the air space will average 500 cubic feet to each patient.

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While the execution of this idea would entail an additional expense apparently, it will in reality reduce the cost of the maintenance of the insane. This is simply proved by the fact that with better means of treatment and care, better food, and adequate space, double the number will be cured than now are. Instead of having a thousand patients to maintain at 25 cents per day, we would have, in a short time, but 500 at 40 cents per day, and a far less proportion of incurables would result from the new management. While a proper economy should always be stinted, a false and exaggerated parsimony will result in the gradual accumulation of an immense number of incurables, who will become a lifelong charge on our charity.

Blackwell's Island is not now a proper place for the Lunatic Asylum. Not only is there no room left for the erection of the necessary buildings, but there is nowhere the necessary space of ground for the proper exercise and labor of the patients. By no contrivance can sufficient space be secured on the island to accommodate its steadily increasing numbers, and as long as it is located there these numbers will persistently increase.

Any building erected now must be planned for the future, as well as present demands, and some other locality must be selected for structures of the extent absolutely necessary.

A determined movement in the direction we have hinted, by our philanthropic citizens, will meet with a general support from those who have the welfare of our benevolent institutions at heart, and the community generally. Let us have new and larger buildings, at some elevated site, where there will be an abundance of invigorating air, and ample room for outbuildings and exercising grounds; and then let our old Lunatic Asylum be turned over to the Alms House Department, to which it is now allied by its organization, that the "crowding" system may not be extended to that enterprise also.

#### The Opera Bouffe at Niblo's Garden, New York City—A Scene from Offenbach's "Barbe Bleue."

THERE was a time when it was believed that the American public could not appreciate the delicate—or perhaps indelicate—humor and sprightly grace of French Comic Opera. Mr. Bateman has given a practical refutation of that theory, and the music of Offenbach is now as popular in this country as it is in the gay capital of France. We do not intend to enter here into an analysis of the merits of the opera of "Barbe Bleue," now being represented nightly at Niblo's Garden, for that charming production of Offenbach is subjected, in this number, to the regular course of criticism in our dramatic column. We give, however, a picture of a scene from the opera, representing the lively musical and terpsichorean duel between Blue Beard and Prince Saphir. This terrific combat à la Jardang, with its accompaniments of dancing, song and merriment, is a feature of the piece that is quaintly pleasant to look upon, and is always received—in the stereotyped language of the play-bills—with laughter and applause.

#### The Wickedest Man in New York—Scene at John Allen's Dance House, 304 Water Street, New York City.

So much has been written and said recently about the so-called "Wickedest Man in New York," that doubtless by this time the fame of his deeds, or of his misdeeds, has spread to all parts of the country, and has probably crossed the Atlantic, to give the sinners of the Old World an idea of the moral atmosphere of the metropolis of the Western Continent. John Allen, the name of the individual thus suddenly thrust into notoriety, keeps a low dance-house at No. 304 Water street, which for a long time has been devoted to the bacchanalian exercises of the most depraved characters of both sexes. An article in "Puckard's Monthly" brought this place and its singular proprietor conspicuously before the public, and in the August number of the same periodical the subject is continued in such an interesting vein, and gives such a curious picture of human nature, that, as an accompaniment to our engraving, we reproduce the article:

Since the appearance of the sketch in the July number of the magazine, Mr. Allen has been run down with visitors, especially clergymen, who, he says, invariably ask for the Wickedest Man in New York, to which inquiry he promptly responds, as being the identical individual "referred to."

His reception of his clerical visitors is sometimes exquisitely characteristic.

"I'm glad to see you, gentlemen," he says, "Walk in. Sit down. Make yourselves at home. Have a copy of the Little Wanderer's Friend? We have to do a good deal of missionary work down here, and I find the Little Wanderer's Friend a good thing in that line. Take it home with you and read it. Lots of good stuff in it. Good music, too. I like to have clergymen come here. I want to do all the good I can; and I don't know any class of men who'd be more benefited by association with me than clergymen. So, come often, gentlemen, and stay late."

Allen also frequently plays off his *Observer* and *Independent* on his clerical visitors; gets them into theological discussions, and twists and harasses them in all manner of good-natured ways—always taking care to keep himself master of the situation under all circumstances.

One curious development of Allen's character was manifested in his anxiety to know how the religious papers would treat his case, or at least the temporary comfort, of that class of unfortunate for whom no other provisions are made. The apartments, which were sufficient to answer all the demands made during the early years of the beneficiary, were, by far, inadequate for the steady increase of patients. Rooms, seven by twelve feet in dimension, which had been furnished for the accommodation of one person each, and roughly-finished apartments beneath the roof, which had been used for storage purposes only, were supplied with additional bedding material, and at this day an evening visitor will see the long narrow lofts and corridors strewn with our helpless insane, and the contracted chambers occupied by two persons each, one lying upon the bed, the other stretched upon a matress which covers the remainder of the floor.

During the war two wooden pavilions were erected, on the north of the main buildings, but these were rapidly filled, and have already been made the scene of

self on being a high private in the same army in which the *Observer* and *Independent* are field marshals. I'm content to carry the knapsack and let them wear the plumes."

We will mention the noticeable fact of his fondness, which is remarkable, for old-fashioned hymns and tunes, especially such as he learned at Sabbath-School. He never tires of singing them; and sometimes he will sing the same hymn and the same tune over and over again. He also teaches his pet boy, Little Chester, to sing them.

When he once took us round to the school which his boy attends, he requested the teacher to let Chester sing for us. She consented, and told Mr. Allen to select the pieces he would like to have the child sing. He at once selected a Sabbath-School song, beginning:

"Shall we meet in Heaven above?"

Little Chester was perched upon a chair to sing the solo, the rest of the scholars coming in on the chorus. As just stated,

"Shall we meet in Heaven above?"

was the burden of the first stanza. That of the second was:

"Shall we wear a snowy robe?"

Of the third:

"Shall we strike a golden harp?"

Of the fourth:

"Shall we wear a glorious crown?"

Each of these lines was repeated three times over, to a pleasant and varying melody, which brought out the sentiment forcibly. The performance impressed us deeply. The eagerness with which this sin-swept man regarded his boy, as the little creature sang verse after verse of that song, touched us to the heart.

His next selection surprised us still more. It was:

"Stand up for Jesus."

After it had been sung, he remarked, just as we were taking our leave:

"That's a good song, children. You just do as that song says, and you'll come out all right."

And the man meant what he said, and did it, too.

An additional and pointed illustration of Allen's fondness for sacred music was recently given to us by Sergeant George E. Towns, of the Fourth Precinct Metropolitan Police. In the winter of 1864, when the sergeant, then a patrolman, was walking his beat with his comrade, Frederick Gilbert, they stopped, about three o'clock in the morning, to kick their heels on Allen's stoop. It was bitter cold, and to keep their hearts warm, they began to hum some heart-stirring old Coronation:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,

Let angels prostrate fall,

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all."

As they concluded the hymn, a noise was heard inside of Allen's barroom, and Mr. Towns exclaimed:

"Hush, Gilbert! there's some one in there!"

"It is only me, Towns," responded Allen, opening the door and stepping to the threshold in his night rig, bitter cold as it was. "I heard you humming old Coronation, and had to get up and come down. I could not stand it with that old tune buzzing in my ears. Old Coronation will always fetch me at any season of the year, and at any time of the day or night."

Allen is solicitous that Little Chester should not have his mind poisoned by anything verging on infidelity. On one occasion, when visitors were present, an infant came into the dancing saloon about 11 o'clock at night, and began to ventilate his belief, or rather his unbelief. He was surprised at being at once taken up by Allen and demolished. The unbeliever was no match for the Wickedest Man, in theology, philosophy or common sense. He soon retired, rather crestfallen, and after the door had closed on him, Allen turned to some of those present, and exclaimed in tones of grief and bitterness:

"My God! gentlemen, to think of a man's coming into my house and uttering such sentiments as those! Why, I wouldn't have had my family hear that man for anything! And Chester especially—"

Here, seeing the looks of astonishment on some of his visitors' faces, he exclaimed:

"I know what you're thinking of. You think that Chester hears worse than that. But he don't. He hears me swear, and he hears the girls, when they get mad or drunk; and they can talk bad enough when they get a going, God knows; but I don't care for that. That isn't anything. That don't kill. But to have Chester get the notion that the Bible isn't true, or to have him hear any man deny the existence of God, or attempt to make God anything less than God—why, d—n it to h—ll, gentlemen, I wouldn't have such notions as those put into Chester's head for all the world!"

Among the most recent "distinguished" visitors to Mr. Allen's abode were several large delegations from the Democratic National Convention, when that institution was lately flourishing in Fourteenth street. One company of country delegates, numbering thirty, went down to No. 304 Water street, under the escort of Captain Thorne, of the Fourth Precinct; and we are informed that on one evening as many as sixty delegates were present at one time, filling both bar room and dancing-saloon, and protruding upon the stoop and sidewalk. They had all read our account of the Wickedest Man, and were anxious to see him. He was courteous and cordial, as he always is to visitors. One of the delegates remarked:

"I suppose this is about the worst section of the city, Mr. Allen, from all accounts?"

To which Allen quietly replied:

"Well, yes, it has had that reputation; but just now it is completely eclipsed by Fourteenth street!"

The report was received with applause, and the delegates hailed the "Wickedest" as a man and a brother.

Mr. Dyer concludes his article as follows:

At 4 o'clock, P. M., on Friday, the 10th day of July, after the foregoing had been put in type, we had an interview with John Allen in the private room of Mr. Action, and in Mr. Action's presence, at Police Headquarters, No. 300 Mulberry street. Allen protested against being called the Wickedest Man in New York. Said he:

"I am not the wickedest man in this city. There are lots of worse men than I am—men who never help the poor, nor poor children, nor do anything for anybody, and Mr. Action here knows that I spend hundreds of dollars in that way."

We then stated why we considered him the Wickedest Man in New York, quoting the paragraph above, in which we embody our views on that point. This seemed to be a new view of the subject to him—and on our offering to state anything, as coming from him, which he wished to have said, he replied:

"Well, just say that I have some good points, and that I am not the Wickedest Man in New York by a long way."

Mr. Action then tackled him about his keeping such a den, and sent the truth home to his heart that, by staying there, he would blight the life of his idolized boy.

"And now, John," continued Mr. Action, "I want you to promise me that you will quit that place, and give your children a fair chance."

Allen hesitated and remonstrated for a long time, but finally said:

"Well, I promise to do it!"

"When will you quit?" we asked.

"Say September," said Mr. Action.

"I can't do it—it's impossible. You could not get out of here in a week! My other property is rented, and I can't manage it before May."

"Yes, you can, John," persisted Mr. Action; "say September."

"Well, if I can sell out my business, I will," he said at last.

"No, John, be a man, and do the clean thing. Quit the business, turn your house into a home for poor girls, and regenerate that whole region. You can do it, if you'll only try."

Allen was powerfully affected, and at last said:

"Well, gentlemen, I give you my word that I'll quit the business by the first of next May, sir, and do what I can!" and he rushed from the room.



MISS VINNIE REAM, SCULPTOR.—SEE PAGE 334.

**SILVER PALACE SLEEPING CARS.**

Our engraving represents the interior of one of a line of Silver Palace Sleeping Cars, which are now leaving this city every morning at 9 A. M., for Chicago, by the way of Allentown, Pennsylvania Central, and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroads. There is but one car in the world that approaches these either in richness of finish or elegance in furnishing, and that one was built for the Pasha of Egypt.

The body of the car rests upon four-wheeled trucks and springs of the very latest patent, which give an easy motion to the car, and almost entirely destroy vibration. The exterior is finished in the highest style of the painter's art, and, without stepping inside, would arrest the attention of any one seeing it. The length of the body is fifty-eight feet; the height, ten feet six inches; width, eleven feet; weight, 46,000 pounds; length of trucks, ten feet. The axles are made of the best steel, and are four-and-a-half inches in diameter.

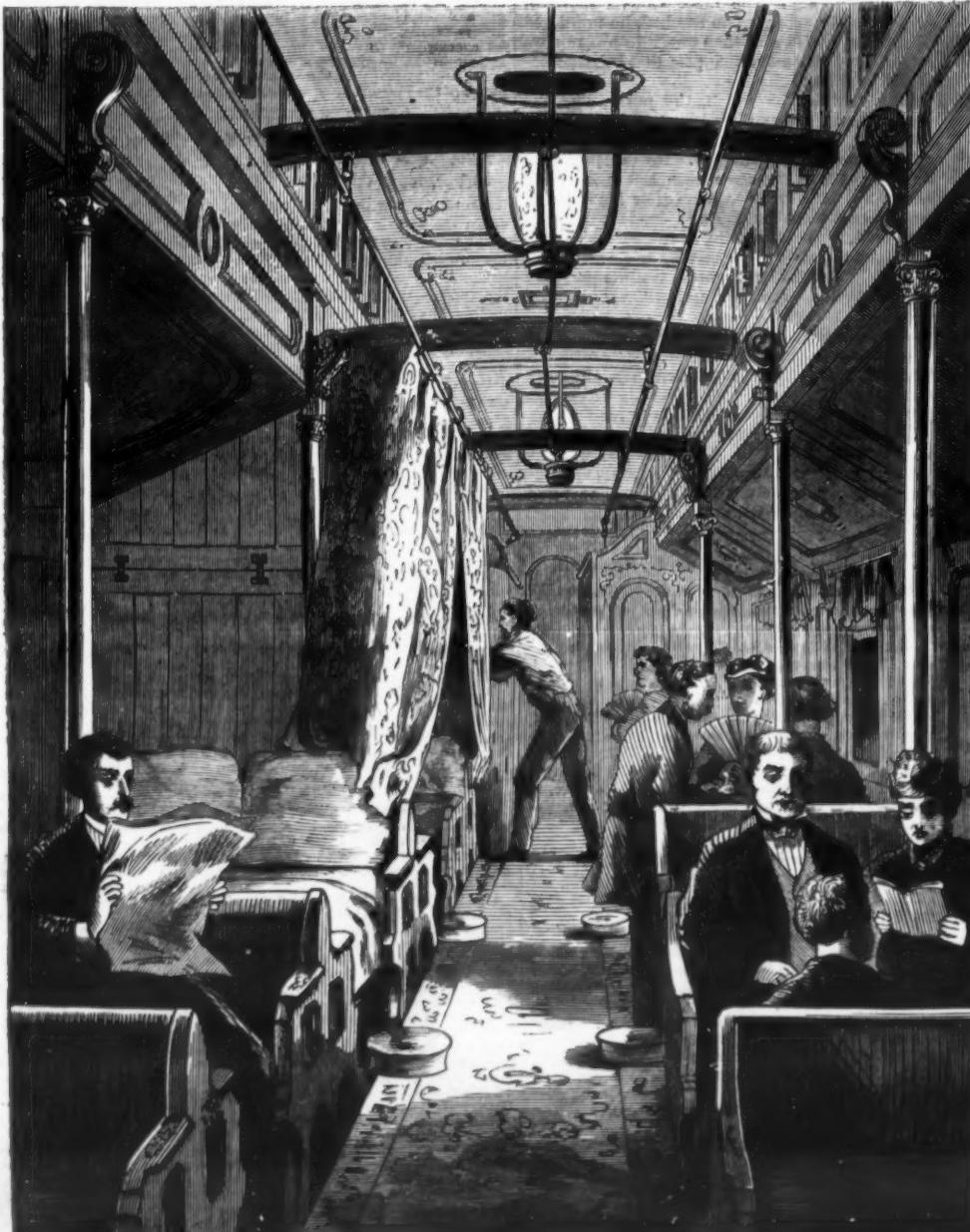
Now step inside, if you please, and let us view the interior. As we step upon the platform, the door at either end opens into a handsome saloon or vestibule, seven feet in length, and eleven feet in width. These saloons are elegantly fitted up for the use of gentlemen who desire to smoke, and have ventilators of an entirely new patent, so arranged as to render it impossible for the smoke to enter the car. These ventilators extend the entire length of the car. We open the door leading into the main saloon, and a scene of unparalleled magnificence bursts upon the view, leading one almost to believe that the story of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp, spoken of in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," was not a matter of fiction after all, but a historical record of events as they really happened. We step inside, and our feet sink deep into the rich velvet carpet that covers the floor, rendering the footstep perfectly noiseless.

As we look down the vista everything seems to be a blaze of silver. The columns that support the high, elegantly-carved and finished roof; the brackets, pendants, lamp, and ornaments of different kinds, are a tasteful blending of frosted and burnished silver. In each panel of the car is a large fine French plate-glass mirror, and in the centre of the car, facing each other, are two elegant pier-glasses, reaching from the roof to the floor, each being fitted in a furnished recess.

The windows are double; one glass being cut in an elegant pattern, and the other plain, by which means the occupants of the section or stateroom can either enjoy the utmost privacy, or see the beauties of the landscape through which they are passing. Connected with each stateroom there is a ladies' dressing-room, or toilet-room, which is furnished with every convenience that the heart could desire.

The drapery and upholstery is of the most elegant pattern of brocatelle.

By night the car is lighted by means of three large silver-plated globe lights, in which is burned a non-combustible oil, of such a nature that, should an accident occur, and the lamp be shattered to fragments, and the oil thrown over the floor, it would not burn. This is only one of the precautions taken to prevent loss of life by fire. The other is in the manner of heating the car. Underneath the floor is a patent furnace, that more resembles a counting-house safe



SILVER PALACE SLEEPING CAR, PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL, PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO RAILROADS.

than anything else we can think of. The fire is all contained in this safe, and should the car roll over half a dozen times or more, it would be impossible for the fire to come in contact with the body of the car. To this furnace is attached one general register, and from it, leading to each section and stateroom, are subordinate registers, by means of which each one receives its distinct quota of heat (which can be graduated)

without having to rely either on the adjoining or the main registers. All danger from fire is overcome. The cost of each car is \$15,000.

Of course every one who has traveled knows that, although a saloon by day, these cars are at night converted by the stroke of the magician's (conductor's) wand into elegant bedchambers.

Parties desiring information in regard to the different

routes of travel over which these new cars pass, can obtain it by applying to Frederick Knowland, Esq., at the office of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, No. 271 Broadway, corner of Chambers street, New York.

**MOSES YALE BEACH.**

As a fitting tribute to the memory of one who labored long and faithfully in the arena of journalism in this country, we publish a portrait of the late Moses Yale Beach, who died at his residence, at Wallingford, Conn., on the 19th July. Mr. Beach was born in Wallingford on the 7th January, 1800. His father was a farmer in humble circumstances, and the early education of the future journalist was of the plainest character. In 1814 he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker at Hartford, and after serving four years, he commenced business for himself at Northampton, Mass. He was not successful, and, abandoning that occupation, he turned his attention to various projects suggested by his inventive and mechanical turn of mind. Among other things, he invented a rag-cutting machine, now in general use throughout the country, but from which, we understand, he never received any pecuniary advantage.

Soon afterward, Mr. Beach removed to the State of New York, and took up his abode in Ulster Co. Here he invested all his capital in a paper mill, and was so rapidly successful, that in six years he was considered one of the wealthiest men in that section of the State. However, he entered into unfortunate speculations, and soon lost his entire fortune. Mr. Beach had previously married the daughter of Mr. Day, proprietor of the *New York Sun*, at that time a journal of limited circulation, with which he became connected, and soon attained the sole proprietorship. Under his enterprising and skillful management the *Sun* achieved an enviable reputation and a large circulation. He retired in 1857 and returned to Wallingford, where he remained until the day of his death.

Mr. Beach was universally esteemed by all with whom he had business or social relations, and deservedly earned the reputation of being a conscientious, industrious and enterprising journalist, an affectionate husband and father, and a pleasant, hospitable and honorable man.

**A JAPANESE MILLIONAIRE IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.**—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* is responsible for the following: "The much-vaed question of long and short robes is likely to be more than usually agitated in consequence of the receipt of news which will put on the *qui vive* all the young widows and unmarried girls of Paris. Nothing is talked about but the approaching arrival in this capital of an immensely rich Japanese nobleman, surpassing in wealth any of the millionaires we hear of in the *Mille et une Nuits*. He will shortly reach Marseilles in a steamship which he has had built expressly for this voyage. He is coming to France to look for some pretty young woman for a wife; it seems she may be poor, but must be virtuous, and about eighteen years of age. He intends to settle in Paris, and it is said has already inquired whether he could not buy the whole of the right bank of the Seine in Paris to transform it into a palace. His success in this direction, however, may be doubted. His fortune is estimated at three milliards, which represents one hundred and fifty millions of francs annual revenue."

THE LATE MOSES Y. BEACH.



## HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &amp;c.

## HOME INCIDENTS.

## Keeping Cool.

Although the scene illustrated in our engraving did not occur in this country, we give it a place among our



KEEPING COOL.

Home Incidents, because it is really refreshing to contemplate such a cool proceeding during this hot weather. In Florence, Italy, as here, there has been a heated term this season, the thermometer marking ninety-five degrees. An Englishman residing in that city has devised an ingenious method of keeping cool. His study is walled and floored with zinc, forming a large tank, filled breast-high with water. His writing-table, chairs and book-case are raised upon cast-iron supports, and fastened by means of screws. In this aquarium the eccentric Englishman passes the hot hours of the day, receiving visits, and writing, reading, or indulging in a quiet swim. Possibly, at times, he sips a glass of iced champagne or swallows an ice cream, and attains the highest point of beatitude consistent with the condition of the thermometer.

## A Rabid Woman.

On the afternoon of the 15th ult., a woman named

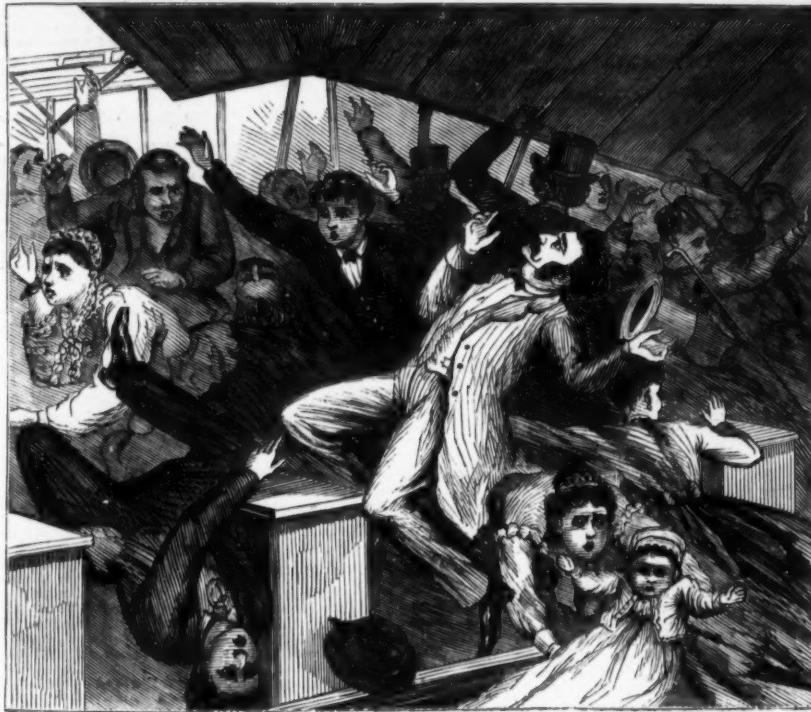


A RABID WOMAN.

Mary Connelly visited the Washington Parade Grounds, New York City, and commenced acting in a very disorderly manner. Officer Willis, who is stationed on the grounds, noticing her strange behavior, and judging from her clothing and personal appearance that she was intoxicated, ordered her to leave, and on her refusing to move, arrested her. He started to conduct her to the station-house, and had proceeded but a short distance, when she turned upon him suddenly, and bit him through the hand. The officer is one of the oldest on the present force, and although there were many men at the scene, no one volunteered to aid the veteran of the locust. He held on to the woman until assistance came, when the prisoner was taken to the Jefferson Market Court, where she said, in a rage of passion, she was sorry women were not troubled with hydrophobia, for she would like to have been the cause of the officer's death.



AN EXPLOSIVE LETTER.



PERILS OF OPEN CAR RIDING—COLLISION IN SMITH STREET, BROOKLYN, JULY 19TH, 1868.

## Perils of Open Car Riding—Collision in Smith Street, Brooklyn, L. I., July 19th.

In sultry weather the open cars in use on some of the lines of railroad in Brooklyn are an agreeable substitute for the close, ill-ventilated boxes in which passengers are cabined, cribbed, confined, as if condemned

to torture for their misdeeds. But if the sentiment of danger becomes associated with a ride in an open car, it will cease to be attractive in the estimation of the public. Not long ago one of these conveyances collided with a dray, the shaft of which struck one of the passengers, and impaled him, causing his death in

extreme agony. On the 19th inst. a similar accident occurred in Brooklyn, on the Smith street line, in which two open cars came into collision, and several of the passengers were injured. Carelessness and mismanagement are undoubtedly the chief causes of these



A FOUR YEAR OLD HERO.

accidents, and the directors of the Smith street line owe to the traveling public a little more consideration for life and limb, and some closer attention to the details of a business of so much general importance.

## A Mother and Babe Destroyed by a Water-Spout in Virginia.

A terrible storm occurred in the vicinity of Lynchburg, Va., on the 10th ult., accompanied with thunder and hailstones of an unusual size. In one of the ravines near the city, where a number of dwellings had been erected two or three years ago, the storm was particularly destructive. In the midst of the heavy peals of thunder, a huge waterspout broke over the buildings. The wife of one of the residents saw the terrible tide rushing upon her house, and throwing two of her children upon a bed, ran out of the kitchen door after the oldest boy, a lad of eight years. She caught the little



A MOTHER AND BABE DESTROYED BY A WATERSPOUT IN VIRGINIA.



A MURDERER'S FATE.

fellow in her arms, and as she was about entering the door, the water leaped through an upper door, bearing with it a large tree, which, in its progress, struck the lady with great force, and carried her with her child down the ravine with the logs and trees dislodged by the storm. An adjoining house was carried away, but the one with the young children in was saved from destruction, although it was moved several feet from its foundation. The body of the unfortunate woman was found the day following about a mile below the site of her house, and had been severed in twain, and horribly bruised.

## A Tiger Works a Miracle.

A singular exposé of the tricks resorted to by professional beggars to procure the pecuniary assistance of the public was witnessed in New Orleans, La., during



A TIGER WORKS A MIRACLE.



AN AMAZONIAN ROBBER.

the recent rampage of a tiger that had made its escape while being conveyed to the museum building. In the neighborhood of St. Charles street, a robust-looking middle-aged man had been sitting for several years on a stool at a point where no pedestrians could fail to see him. His countenance wore the most woe-begone expression, his body appeared stiffened and contracted, and his legs were spread about him in a fashion suggestive of broken bones. His make-up as a worthy object of charity was perfect, and in answer to his narrative of distress, wherein he made known that for twenty years he had not had the use of his legs, many a dose had been dropped into his hat. No one questioned the man's veracity, and he was regarded as an unfortunate fixture of the locality. But when the angry tiger regained his liberty, and plunged wildly through the streets, information of his presence was borne to the beggar, who at once manifested unusual nervousness, and it was noticed that his body became gradually elongated like a spy-glass, and his legs assumed a more natural position. Presently the screams of women and children reached his ear, and, doubtless believing that a sound man was preferable to a dead beggar, he seized his crutches, and, to the amazement of the spectators, started off on full gallop for a place of safety. The tiger was caught before it had done much damage, but the "poor sufferer" has not been seen since; and there is no telling how much injury to the limbs of pedestrians, and the various apple-stands, was affected during his ludicrous "skedaddle" from the howling tiger.

#### An Explosive Letter.

While a clerk in the Post-office at New Haven, Conn., was tying a bundle of letters for the mail on the evening of July 22d, an explosion occurred in the package, which scattered the letters about the table and floor, and quite seriously burned the clerk's hands. On examining the letters, it was found that a particular one, which was considerably torn, had the remains of a torpedo in it, which had probably been exploded by the tightening of the string. The letter was written by a student in the Yale Scientific School to his sister, and stated that the enclosed torpedo was one of a class to be used by the students on the Fourth.

#### The Murderer's Fate.

A negro named Joshua Williams, who had killed, under very revolting circumstances, two brothers in Irwin county, Georgia, was captured on the 6th ult., and lodged in the Irwinton Jail. A few evenings after his commitment, the building, which was an old frame structure, and situated at a considerable distance from any other house, was set on fire, and before any efforts could be made to extinguish the flames, the negro murderer perishing in the conflagration. The cause of the fire is unknown; but it is supposed to have been the work of the prisoner's friends, who were anxious to secure his release from confinement.

#### A Four-Year Old Hero.

Several days ago two boys, each about four years of age, were playing together in a yard in Brooklyn, and in the midst of their sport, they came upon an old cistern partially caved in, and covered with a number of boards. One of the little fellows, anxious to know more about the discovery, ventured on the boards, and attempted to look through the cracks. Suddenly the rotten wood snapped asunder, the young adventurer was thrown forward, and as he was about falling into the cistern, his courageous companion seized him by his clothing, and held him suspended in his critical position, until the shouts of both boys brought assistance.

#### An Amazonian Robber.

Madame Guisac, a resident of St. Louis, Mo., noted for her courage and energy, was recently sitting alone in the parlor of her cottage on Taylor street, when a woman of great size and ferocious aspect entered, and asked for a drink of water. While Mrs. Guisac was preparing to comply with this request, the woman complained of hunger, and requested a morsel of food. She was invited to the kitchen, and while following Madame Guisac, the latter, looking back, saw her strange guest draw knife from her bosom. She raised the gleaming blade in a threatening manner, and exclaimed: "It is not bread I want, but money!" Madame Guisac, though somewhat startled by this war-like demonstration, sprang to the corner of the room where stood a double-barreled gun, and seizing the weapon, leveled it at her assailant. The latter declined the unequal combat, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving the brave lady mistress of her domestic citadel, so suddenly invaded and so valiantly defended.

#### MISS VINNIE REAM, SCULPTOR.

The subject of this sketch is in the twenty-third year of her age, and, by birth, is a Western girl, having first seen the light of day in a log cabin in the wilds of the then Territory of Wisconsin, at the time her father was Treasurer of that Territory. After Wisconsin was admitted as a State in the Union, her family removed to Washington, and from there to Missouri, where little Vinnie received the greater portion of her education. Subsequently her parents moved "over the border" into Arkansas, and the towns of Little Rock and Fort Smith alternately became her tramping-ground; to the old residents of which, the attractive face of the petite girl with large black eyes and a luxuriant mass of dark brown ringlets is no stranger, as she trudged along to school every day with her moccasin sash on her arm.

At the breaking out of the late war, her father received an appointment in the Treasury Department, and Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair appointed Miss Vinnie to a clerical position in the Department. While thus employed, she happened to pay a visit with a gentleman friend to the studio of the elder Mills, and on witnessing the operation of modeling in clay, remarked, "Why, I can do that." She took home some clay with her, and in two or three days returned to the studio with the model of her first work, "The Dying Standard-Bearer," which Mr. Mills was greatly surprised at, as the design and production of one who never had attempted anything of the kind before.

She pursued the artistic work more at home, after Department office hours, for about a year, when she relinquished her clerical position, resolving to devote her life to Art, although wealthy relatives by marriage offered her every inducement to relinquish it; but she stoutly refused, as Art with her is the ruling passion. Her progress has been wonderfully rapid; her works on exhibition offering food for amazement to the thousands who visit her studio, as the productions of a young lady who has only been studying Art three years.

For the past year Miss Ream has been hard at work on the statue of Mr. Lincoln, which is now far advanced toward completion in clay. When finished, it will stand the severest test of criticism. But her most beautiful work is her allegorical representation of "America," or the "Four Sisters," North, East, West and South, now nearly finished in plaster. It is the admiration of all

beholders, and when cut in marble, will be a monument to the beautiful creation of American talent and genius. She has been thus far a close student and hard worker; frequently being engaged, with but a short intermission for her meals, from nine in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. She visits Rome in the spring, to execute in marble her statue of President Lincoln.

Miss Ream is still in stature, weighing just ninety pounds and a half; an erudite scholar, a fair musician, fond of poetry, for which, with music, she has a decided penchant. Though possessing a lively imagination, a sprightly disposition, and fine conversational powers, she rarely ever goes into society, or even visits places of amusement, though often pressed to do so. And though self-reliant, she has a great horror of strong-minded women, and would just as soon meet any day a wild animal as Mrs. Swisshehlin, *et id genus omne*. Her romantic little cottage on "Capitol Hill," Washington, is the picture of neatness and beauty, and one every way becoming the fair inmate; and, visit it when you may, you are sure to meet there fine representations of American statesmen in plaster, and some in flesh and blood. Surrounded by trees, vines and flowers, and in the windows goldfish and singing birds, with music, paintings and books inside, it is not at all surprising that her society should be courted by men of culture and refinement.

#### AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

The following story reads like a romance of Cooper's, condensed, but it is said to be a record of facts gathered by a gentleman who is collecting material for a history of the upper Mississippi valley:

A party of thirty Winnebagos came down from the late scalp-dance at which the tribe was gathered on the Trempealeau river, in the north, and encamped on French's Island, in the Mississippi river, just above the St. Paul Railroad Depot at La Crosse.

The band was under the control of a well-known chief of the Winnebagos, named Wan-kee-se-hoo-er-er, or Snake Chief, who had two wives, Se-es-ka and He-ne-kee.

Se-es-ka was about thirty years of age, graceful in appearance, with a pleasant look and an interesting face. With Whites she was favorite, while with the Winnebagos she was looked upon very kindly—indeed adored with all the ardor of Indian fervor. Snake Chief was a noted warrior of the Winnebagos, and was very much liked by his tribe. He was a powerful and good-looking fellow, and when sober was peaceful and good-natured; when drunk he was ugly and disagreeable. One of his favorite pastimes, when in this condition was beating his wives.

On Friday last Snake Chief returned to his wigwam drunk. Se-es-ka was in the wigwam, and the chief commenced beating her over the head and shoulders. Driven to desperation, and unable longer to stand his brutality, Se-es-ka drew her knife and stabbed the chief twice, the blade penetrating the heart of the warrior, who died instantly, while the first notes of the death-song were on his lips.

The affair at once created a sensation among the Winnebagos, who did not know how to act. They loved their chief, and loved their chief's wife. It is a well-known "regulation" among the Indians that when a man is slain, a relative must avenge his death by taking the life of the slayer. Se-es-ka knew this. Some of the Winnebagos urged her to fly, but she would not. With true Indian resignation she folded her blanket about her and sat down in her wigwam, facing the door, and awaited her avenger. It was believed by many that He-ne-kee, the younger and favorite wife, would be the avenger, but she seems to have had no such intention. She mourned the loss of her husband, but took no steps further than to send a runner up the Trempealeau, where Snake Chief's relatives were, to notify them of what had taken place. Meanwhile Se-es-ka sat in her cabin chanting her death-song, stoically indifferent to what was going on about her, and only talking when questions were asked her.

On Sunday morning, an Indian from Trempealeau made his appearance in camp. He was known as Chan-no-nee, and had evidently traveled without halting since he learned of the death of Snake Chief. Entering the camp, without a word, he walked solemnly to the place where the body of Snake Chief lay, took a long look at it, and then turned suddenly away. Nobody spoke to him, yet all watched with interest his movements. Deliberately loading his gun with buckshot, he unerringly walked very deliberately to the wigwam where Se-es-ka then sat, she having remained there since the murder, and took one look at the woman who had just chanted the death-song. Not a muscle of the woman's face moved to denote that she labored under any excitement, but she sat there quietly and calmly, her eyes moving up and down, and her voice, as the uncouth song escaped her lips, steady and firm. She knew that the avenger was before her—that in another moment her spirit would leave its frail tenement of clay, and seek that of the chief who had gone before her; yet no look or sigh indicated that she feared the fate. Such is Indian stoicism and indifference.

The eyes of the two did not meet. In the face of Chan-no-nee there was a look of mingled hate and revenge. Deliberately he raised his musket to his shoulder—deliberately he aimed it at the woman's head—coolly he fired. The report rang through the Indian camp—the smoke cleared away—Se-es-ka still sat there—her blanket about her—her arms folded—but one side of her head was blown completely away—her spirit had fled, and the code of Indian justice was satisfied, Wan-kee-se-hoo-er-er was avenged.

The murderer, with just a look to satisfy him that his work had been well done, shouldered his musket and walked deliberately out of the camp. Nobody spoke to him, nobody offered any interference, but stepping into his canoe, he paddled to the shore and disappeared in the woods, leaving the Winnebagos stupefied.

#### A Wife Sale in Australia.

An unexampled occurrence took place at Hindmarsh, Australia, being nothing more nor less than the sale by auction of a wife by her husband. The well-known capabilities of the maids and matrons of the locality, as a medium of disseminating information, was considered a sufficient announcement, without having recourse to the more expensive process of the printing press; and strange and divers were the opinions respecting the same.

Some affirmed that the affair was nothing more than a hoax—while others doubted the prowess of the heroine, and went so far as to affirm that she would not be forthcoming. However, soon after the sun had disappeared below the horizon, all these surmises were at once set at rest by the appearance of the fair one—a smart and comely dame, apparently of the age of five and twenty, accompanied by her ignoble lord, wending their way to the appointed place, the back parlor of an ale-house: and soon after their arrival, the ringing of a bell announced that the appointed time—half-past seven—was approaching.

The vendor having very cunningly expressed his conviction that the powers of the licensed auctioneers did not extend to the sale of wives, the onerous duties of knock 'em down were entrusted to a knight of the most noble order of St. Crispin, residing in the neighborhood, who, from his long experience in the use of the hammer, was considered well calculated to fill the office.

Curiously noxious the persons who congregated together upon an occasion unprecedented in South Australia, a large majority being of the softer sex, with a sprinkling of contemplative bachelors, waiting for the business to commence.

All things being ready, the heroine was led by a halter tied round her waist—the tether-end being held by her owner half—into the midst of the assembled throng. A sharp but short competition ensued, until the bidding reached £1 7s. 6d., when the knight unexpectedly knocked down the fair heroine, just as a too cautious bachelor was screwing up his courage for an advanced bidding. The fortunate purchaser was announced, and much dissatisfaction was expressed at the abrupt decision of single blessedness, who found upon this occasion, as they had often found before, that they were "a day behind the fair."

The bargain and sale being so far settled, the cash was handed over by the purchaser, and duly attested documents, signed by all the parties concerned, were formally exchanged. During the drawing out of the duplicate documents, the "fair one" requested that the date might be correctly attached, which having been done, the vendor delivered his "bargain" to the purchaser. Previous to the final separation, the parties concerned regaled themselves with "deep and potent" libations of port wine, and then retired amid the shouts of the assembled throng, "the principals" being evidently well satisfied with the business of the evening.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

ANYTHING you see, hear, or fancy; all persons, places, and things; and whatever has happened since the foundation of the world, can all be expressed by a liquid in general use. What is it?—Ink.

An Irishman passing an extensive tannery, noticed a cow's tail protruding through a hole in the partition separating the office from the vat-room, and stopped to examine the singular spectacle. He pulled the tail; it did not move. He shouted "Tatters, Milly, tatters;" but there was no response. He measured the height of the hole from the floor, and shook his head confidently. The partition did not yield in the least with the pressure of his body, and there was no opening in the boards, save that through which the appendage made its singular appearance. After exhausting his stock of expedients, he drew his arm across his forehead, and gave expression to his surprise with: "I'll be darned!"

"What's the matter, stranger?" asked one of the employés, who had witnessed the visitor's manoeuvres. "Well, nothing much, yer honor. But if I may be so bold to ask it, how the devil did that 'ere cow ever crawl through that darned knot-hole?"

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,

I'm most in use when others sleep;

What few would like to give away,

And none would ever like to keep.—A bed.

TWO classes of people are always out of debt—those who never want to buy what they have not money in hand to pay for, and those who are such notorious rascals that they can't get trusted.

AS people sprinkle the floors before they wash them, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order to sweep cash out of their pockets.

WHY is electricity like the police when they are wanted?

Because it's an invisible force.

A LITTLE fellow going to church for the first time, where the pews were very high, was asked, on coming out, what he did in church, when he replied: "I went into a cupboard, and took a seat on the shelf."

A GENTLEMAN, passing a country church, while under repair, observed to one of the workmen that he thought it would be an expensive job.

"Why, yes," replied he; "but, in my opinion, we shall accomplish what our parson has endeavored to do for the last thirty years in vain."

"What is that?" said the gentleman.

"Why, bring all the parish to repentance."

"TOBACCO is the solace of 200,000,000 men," and consequently a great blessing, for are not 200,000,000 men solace to as many women?

WHY have poultry no future state of existence?

Because they have their necks twirled (next world) in this.

A SEAMAN who had an impediment in his speech, was serving on board a flagship, and while under way, the Admiral's only child fell overboard from the gangway. The lad ran to report the accident to the first lieutenant, who was on the quarter-deck; but was so agitated that he could not utter a word. The officer seeing what was the matter, raised his finger, and said quietly, "Sing it, my man." The seaman immediately struck up:

"The Admiral's boy is overboard,

Is overboard, is overboard,

The Admiral's boy is overboard,

Heave to, or he'll be drowned."

A LITTLE shoe-black called at the residence of a clergyman, and solicited a piece of bread and some water; the servant was directed to give the child some bread from the crumb-basket, and as the little fellow was walking slowly away, and sifting the gift between his fingers for a piece large enough to chew, the minister called him back and inquired if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer, the minister directed him to say "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our Father—your Father—my Father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile, and then commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs:

"You say that your Father is my Father, yet you aren't ashamed to give your little brother such darning stuff as this eat, when you have got so many good things for yourself!"

THE handsome daughter of an old Dutch farmer recently joined the church, after having made a full confession of the error of her ways, to the pastor and examining committee. The young clergyman, under whose teachings Minnie had been moved to the important step, frequently called at the farmhouse, and escorted the fair disciple to church. The father had suspicions of coming evil, and on a stormy Sunday night he visited the church in disguise, and awaited revelations. Soon after taking his seat, the minister repeated in a loud voice the words of his text, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin," upon which the old farmer sprang to his feet, and rushed from the building. Waiting until his daughter made her appearance, he gave vent to his feelings in these words:

"I know dare was somethin' wrong, and now I schwore to 'em."

"Why, father, what do you mean?" replied the bewildered and innocent girl.

"Didn't I," shouted the old man, striking his fist together and stamping with his foot—"didn't I hear the person call out to you, 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle de person'?"

THE marriage is reported of a couple whose ages amount to 184 years, and is characterized as an engagement of mutual inclination. Undoubtedly; of course.

WHY are riddles which cannot be answered like a man offended with his invited friends? Because there is a host put out, and not one guest (guessed).

My first, if you do, you won't hit;

My next, if you do, you will hit;

My whole, if you do, you won't guess it.

Mis-take.

"CALL you that man an entertaining lecturer?" asked a matter-of-fact gentleman of a friend, after both had been listening to a forensic discourse.

"Why, he's dry, sir, perfectly dry. Were he to bore holes in his body with an auger, nothing but sawdust would come out."

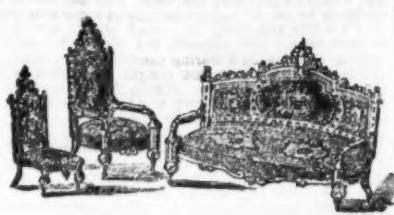
**How Blondin Went to Niagara.**—Some years ago, there was a rope-walker by the name of Blondin amusing the people in various parts of the country. In the course of his travels he came to Buffalo, where he practiced his feats. One day he was advertised to see an announcement in a morning paper that he was intending to stretch a rope across the Niagara chasm, and astonish the public by walking over it. Blondin, in a tearing passion, visited the office of the offending paper, and sought the author of the canard. He found him (Hank Faxon, inventor of the Silver Lake snake story and other romances; he is dead now, poor fellow), and abused him roundly in broken English. Faxon received him good-naturedly, told him the thing was a joke, and wouldn't hurt his professional business half as much as it would help it. Blondin was calmed, became thoughtful, and finally said: "By Gar, I go do dat very ting." The American public knows whether he did it, and how well he succeeded. "Hen" Faxon, the person spoken of above, was some fifteen years ago a telegraph operator in Troy, N. Y., and was widely known there as one of the most genial and witty fellows in the world. Many is the tradition that still obtains among the older operators of the State of the pranks which he played upon them, and which, being known along the line simultaneously, were always certain to raise a laugh in a dozen different cities

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